The Famous Hiſtory

of Gvy Earle of *Warwicke*.

By SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

Lond. 1635.



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Sr Wm Boulton

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE

PHILIP, Earle of *Mountgomery*, Lord HERBERT of *Sherland*, and of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.

RIght worthily enobled, and truely Honourable Lord, vouchsafe out of your generous curtesie, (to which all men yeeld a generall applaud) to accept this slight and weake Poeme, derived from a strong and mighty subject, (to wit) Great *Guy* of *Warwicke*, (our famous Countrey-man) whose valour hath beene the worlds wonder, and his admirable acts of Chivalry, ter-

rors and daunting feares of all the oppoſites of himſelfe and this Kingdome: the neglecting of whoſe worthy memory, hath induced my more willing then able Muſe, to revive the deeds of this duſt-conſumed Champion, upon whoſe honourable Combat, King *Athelſtone* ventured the whole Realme of *England*: Diſdaine not therefore (moſt worthfull and precious ſpirit) in the true affability of your eſteemed vertues, to vouchſafe the view of theſe Artleſſe lines, which in the ſilence of greater ſufficiences, ſpeake only to keep valour from oblivious deſtruction.

Moſt humbly devoted

to your Honours vertues,

SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

To the Noble English Nation.

*RE*nowned *English*, whom our Lines invite
To view the Acts of Warwickes worthy Knight,
Whose deeds of old, writ with an ancient Pen,
Have now out-worne the memories of men.
Most strange in this same Poet plenty age,
Where Enigrams and Satyres bying rage:
Where Paper is imployed ev'ry day,
To carry Verse about the Towne for pay;
That Stories should entomb'd with Worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die.
'Dayne to accept what Recreations houres
Have spent upon this Country-man of ours:
It seemes too farre unkinde, that in these dayes,
We toyle so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famous sing of our owne,
Which ev'n match full unto them were knowne.
England hath bred such men for valour tride,
Could Make all Kingdomes of the World beside.
Take here a view of Knight-hoods ancient face,
His bruised Armour, and his bloody case:
His broken Launce, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,
His valiant combats with his Foe in Field:
The wounds and scarres insculpt upon his flesh,
His mortall fights renew'd each day afresh,
His reasons that did animate to Armes,
His freeing tender Ladies from their harmes,
His backed Target, and his splintred Speare,
His killing Serpents, salvage Bore, and Beare.

Then looke on some: in ages since beknighted,
Who never were with Martiall deeds delighted:
That are no kin to them which went of old
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in gold:
And you shall see that one doth weare the Name,
When th'others Actions merit for the same.
The same for merit was renowned **Guy**,
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy,
And never held his life in coward feare,
But ventur'd it at point of sword and speare:
He was a prodigall of life and liname,
And bade all welcome, came to fight with him:
Were it a Gyant like to **Gogmagog**,
Or **Cerberus**, *that Triple-headed Dog,*
Or he that often did **Olympus** *clime,*
And was the onely Clubman of his time.
Great **Hercules**, *if he had breath'd on ground.*
When English **Guy** *of* **Warwick** *liv'd renown'd,*
There would have beene a combat twixt them two,
To try what stout **Alcides** *force could doe:*
Or **Hector**, *whose applaud the world doth know,*
Or fierce **Achilles**: *fearefull to his Foe.*
Had all these liv'd together in an age,
They had beene Combatants, the earth their stage.
Kinde English yeeld unto your Country-man,
As gentle entertainment as you can:
Though he lie quiet now transform'd to dust,
Sleeping in death, as other Mortals must:
With your life-giving breath, revive his Fame,
That hath deserv'd an honourable name.
And having view'd his Actions, wish with me,
That all the Knights we have, were such as he.

SAM. ROWLANDS.



To the Honourable Ladyes of ENGLAND.

LAdyes, in elder times your ſex did need
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your rights,
Of admirable actions wee doe read,
Have beene atchiev'd in cruell bloody fights.
Fell ugly Serpents were deſtroy'd and ſlaine,
Strange Monſters mangled, Gyants hew'd in twaine.

But who deſerv'd more in ſuch enterprize,
Then worthy Engliſh, bred where we are borne?
Such as did eaſe and idleneſſe deſpiſe:
For Armour more then ſilke by them was worne.
Theſe were the Champions that for Ladyes good
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such was Sir *Guy*, whoſe Story here we tell,
Valours renowned honourable man:
He lov'd your kinde, (in heart exceeding well,
How can you chuſe bnt love his Legend than?
Beſtow the reading of it, if you pleaſe,
'Gainſt melancholly, the ſame dull diſeaſe.

SAM. ROWLANDS.

The

The Argument.

GUY *of* Warwicke (*Sonne to Earle* Rohands *Steward*) *in blooming youth of Natures spring, fell in love with the Earles faire Daughter* Phelice, *whose disdaining of him, in that he was but a meane Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her Honourable estate, did afflict his tormented minde with most distressed passions, till in a vision* Cupid *presents her with the Picture of* Mars, *injoyning her to love* Guy, *as the admired Champion of Christendome: Vpon this she yeeldeth affection, on condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, hee departs into* France, *and shortly returnes with Trophees of victory, and prizes of Honour: But* Phelice *not satisfied therewith, he leaves* England *againe, performing in forraine Countries wonderfull acts: then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty dayes he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, effecting in that Iourney many strange things: Then supposed to be dead, comes backe disguised, and out-worne to memory, and fights a Combate for King* Athelstone, *killed* Colbrond *the Giant of* Denmarke, *freeing thereby the Kingdome from invasion. After that, lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Almes to his owne Castle, not revealing himselfe till the houre of his death, and then he sent his Lady a Ring, by which token she knew her Husband, and came most wofully to close up his eyes, dying her selfe shortly after him, for very griefe and extreme sorrow.*

The

The Famous Hiſtory of Guy Earle of WARVVICK.

In Natures greene unmellowed yeeres,
Cupid tormenteth *Guy*,
Inthrals his heart to *Phelise* love,
By object of the eye.

CANTO I.

WHen dreadfull *Mars* in Armour ev'ry day
Lov'd ſtately *Iuno* and *Bellona* beſt,
Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,
For then he tooke himſelfe to eaſe and reſt.
When all his thoughts unto the proofe were ſteeld,
And all his actions manag'd in the field?

A Knight of his (a worthy Engliſh-man,)
That went like him, clad in an Iron coate,
In *Warwick* with the Worlds applaud began
To be a man of admirable note:
Such was the valour he aſcended by,
That Pagans trembled at the name of *Guy*.

This man compos'd of courage full of ſpright,
Of hard adventures, and of great deſignes,
To fight with Gyants tooke a chiefe delight,
Or ſearch ſome Cave than Monſter under-mines,
Meete with a Bore to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon, by the day.

Yet ere he entertain'd his love to Armes,
He grew devoted to the Queene of Love;
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce allarmes,
The victory of ſuch a prize to prove,
As elder times before could ne'r injoy,
A ſweeter face than loſt old *Priam* Troy.

Faire *Phelice*, equall match to *Cupids* Mother,
A curious creature, and the Kingdomes pride;
All ſpacious Britaine had not ſuch another,
For glorious beauty, and good parts beſide:
'Twixt her and *Vulcans* wife no oddes were knowne,
But *Venus* had a Mole, and ſhe had none.

For moſt directly ſhe had *Venus* haire,
The ſame high fore-head, and attractive eye;
Her cheekes of Roſes mixt with Lillies faire,
The very lippes of perfect Corall dye,
Ivory teeth, a dainty riſing chinne,
A ſoft touch-pleaſing, ſmooth, and ſilken skinne,

With

With all perfections make a peereleſſe creature,
From head to foote, ſhe had them ev'ry one:
Mirrour ſhe was of comelineſſe and feature,
An Engliſh Phenix, ſupreme faire alone;
Whom gazing people cenſures, thus would grace;
Beauty lives no where but in *Phelice* face.

In *Phelice* face (this object of *Guyes* ſight)
Where lookes of love, and glaunces of diſdaine:
From thence ſometimes his eyes attract delight,
From thence anon his heart deriveth paine:
One while ſweet ſmiles doe give encouragement,
Another time, ſterne lookes worke diſcontent.

Thus on Loves Seas, toſt by the ſtormes of terrour,
'Twixt preſent calme, and ſudden furious blaſt:
Reſolving Love, yet finding Love in errour,
In freedome chain'd, in liberty bound faſt:
He ſighes that Fortune doth ſo ſtrangely deale,
To give a wound that Beauty will not heale.

That beauty will not heale (quoth he?) fond man,
Thou wrongſt thy ſelfe, and thy faire Goddeſſe too,
By lookes to know a womans heart who can?
And looke on her is onely all I doe:
Ile take another courſe more reſolute,
To ſpeake, to write, my honeſt meanings ſuite.

But if I ſhould doe ſo, what hope have I,
That ſhe will heare my words, or read my lines?
She is Earle *Richards* Heire, and borne too hye
To cond ſcend into my poore deſignes:
Though I a Gentleman by birth am knowne,
Earledomes I want, and Lordſhips I have none.

Oh! Women are ambitious out of meaſure,
They mount aloft upon the wings of pride,
And often match more for this worldly treaſure,
Than any loving cauſe on earth beſide:
Which makes ſome wiſh, rather there were no gold,
Then Love for it ſhould baſe be bought and ſold.

If ſuch ſhe be, (as not be ſuch is rare)
What will my words, or ſighes, or teares prevaile?
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,
And ſtrive againſt both winde and tyde to ſayle:
A reſtleſſe ſtone with *Siſſiphus* I roule,
And heape continuall torments on my ſoule.

Then I attempt to flye with waxen wings,
Where *Phœbus* Chariot burnes in brighteſt flame,
And ſhall be cenſur'd, that in childiſh things
As Love, I have begot eternall ſhame,
Rejected and deſpis'd in baſe eſteeme,
To th'envious World, I ſhall no better ſeeme.

But

But ceaſe, Loves coward, baniſh thought of feare,
Be reſolute, and good acceſſe attend thee:
Phelice of force a loving heart muſt beare,
If he that ſhoots Loves Darts of gold befriend thee:
And by no reaſon he can be thy foe,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt his Mothers Picture ſo.

I am reſolv'd: Goe on to *Phelice* Bowre,
And from as true a heart as fleſh can yeeld;
Intreat her heare me, in a bleſſed houre,
And with kind pitty all my ſorrowes ſhield;
To looke upon me with remorſe of minde,
That holds my life as her love is inclinde.

This ſaid, to *Warwick* Caſtle he repaires,
Where the rich Jewell of his heart remain'd:
Earle *Rohand* bids him welcome, and prepares
With hunting ſports, to have him entertain'd;
But thereunto unwilling eare he lends,
And ſudden ſickneſſe for excuſe pretends.

The Earle much grieved at this alteration,
Sent his Phyſician for to doe him good:
Who told *Guy* that his onely preſervation,
Conſiſted in the preſent letting of blood;
And that his body in diſtemperature,
Was difficult, and very hard to cure.

Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true, I know as much,
I finde my ſelfe to be exceeding ill,
But there's a Flowre, which if I might touch,
Would heale me better than thy Phyſicks skill.
'Tis called by a pretty pleaſing name,
And *Felix* ſoundeth ſomewhat neere the ſame.

Quoth the Phyſicion, Sir, I know it not,
Nor in the Herball read of ſuch a Flowre.
Yet in this Caſtle it is to be got,
Said *Guy*, it growes not farre from yonder Towre;
Ile find it out my ſelfe, Doctor refraine,
Gallen had ne'r the art to cure my paine.

Left in his paſſion to converſe with mone,
As in a window he did ſighing lie;
In a delightfull Garden all alone,
The Empreſſe of his thoughts he did eſpie;
Which to his ſoule did much rejoycing bring,
Feare was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King.

Now is the time (quoth he) faire Fortunes Sun
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares;
Now may I end the griefe that Love begun,
And boldly aske good hap, how well ſhe fares:
Now will I enter yonder pleaſant ſhade,
To court the Worlds admired beautious Maide.

Phelice,

Phelice, I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for my Bow,
I never went a wooing: teach me how
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:
But above all things, gentle *Cupid*, move her,
That she beleeve me, when I sweare I love her.

With speed unto the Garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phelice* Damsels let him in,
And in a curious Arbor of repose
Findes *Citherea* with her silver skin:
Whom he salutes with grace and Majestie,
Beholding her with Loves inchanting eye.

Faireſt (quoth he) of all the workes of Nature,
Whose equall never breath'd this common ayre;
More wonderfull than earth can yeeld a creature;
For ev'ry dart belonging unto faire;
Immortall Creature of Cœlestiall frame,
Eternall honour still attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poore suite,
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with;
Hoping thereby to reape more lovely fruite,
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the Smith:
'Tis onely Love that I with heart present.
'Tis onely Love must give my soule content.

Incline

Incline (ſweet Lady) to mine humble motion,
Compaſſionate the griefe that I endure,
Regard my life that reſts at thy devotion,
With pitty take my dying heart in cure:
O let it not in groaning torments ſwell,
And breake in twaine, becauſe it loves thee well.

Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,
And deeds of honour for thy name have done;
But neither King, nor Prince can love the more,
Then doth poore *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards Sonne:
His love to thee is ſo ineſtimable,
To countervaile it, all they are not able.

Phelice thus interrupts his proteſtation:
No more of Love, ceaſe, gentle Youth (quoth ſhe)
I have a minde fram'd of another faſhion,
Virginity ſhall live and die with me:
Love is compos'd of idleneſſe and play,
And leads to vaine delights that ſtray.

Beſides, it ill beſeemes thee be ſo bold,
Inferiour and unfit for my degree:
And if unto my Father this were told,
I know it would procure reproofe to thee.
The Proverb in this point might make thee wiſe,
That Princely Eagles *ſcorne the catching* Flyes.

And

And with this answer he departed thence,
Leaving poore *Guy* more vexed than before:
For now in deepe despaire of recompence,
He never doth expect Loves comfort more;
But unto sorrow, sighes, and teares doth give,
Wishing each day the last he had to live.

Guy, in strange passions for his Love,
Great torments doth indure:
Till *Phelice* sees a Vision, and
Doth yeeld her Patient cure.

CANTO 2.

WIth tyred thoughts remaines this wofull wight,
Distracted in his melãcholy mind,
Partaking nothing that containes delight,
All things are harsh, distastfull, out of kind,
Phelice denyes him love; whose sound of breath,
Is like the Judge that doomes a man to death.

Like to *Oreſtes* in his frantick fits,
He tare the golden tresses from his head,
Or mad *Orlando* quite depriv'd of wits,
From whom the use of sence and reason fled:
So fare it with this Love-tormented man,
Whose raging thoughts into disorder ran.

Society he ſhunnes, and keepes alone,
Accuſing Deſtiny, and curſing Beauty,
He hates himſelfe, and is a friend to none,
Beyond the limits of all love and duty:
Venus (quoth he) how are thy lawes forgot,
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?

What is the cauſe I am rejected thus?
Who interrupts my Love to Beauties mirrour?
Ile dragge him hence to roaring *Erebus*,
There to be plunged in eternall terrour:
Ile to *Ioves* Court, and there with ſhouts and cryes,
Make ſuch a clangor as ſhall rent the skyes.

Shall I be couſen'd as *Orpheus* was?
Aſſiſt me, *Theſeus*, to revenge this wrong.
Where's *Radamant*, that Juſtice cannot paſſe?
Euridice is ſold even for a Song:
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hidraes, for a fall,
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.

Ile mount upon the back of *Pegaſus*,
And in bright *Phœbus* flames my ſelfe will wrap:
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*,
To ſleepe in *Thetis* watery Chriſtall lap.
From thence Ile poaſt unto the torrid *Zone*,
To finde which way faire *Phelice* love is gone.

Iaſon

Iason had luck to winne the Golden fleece,
I like the Skin, but for the Hornes I care not:
Faire *Hellen* was a waggish Wench of *Greece*,
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashfull *Venus* dares not.
Trust a faire face? Not I, let him that list,
What's *Hercules* without a Club in's fist?

Thus for a time his sences were deprived,
Being left by love as blind as *Cupids* eyes,
'Till reason to perfections state revived,
And extreme passions ceast to tyrannize:
For in a Vision *Phelice* did descry
The power of Love, and yeelds her heart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* possest of quiet sleepe,
In dead of night when Visions doe appeare,
The Heart-tormentor, he that pierceth deepe,
And maketh Lovers buy their bargaine deare,
Sends from his Bow a shaft with Golden head,
And wounded *Phelice* in her Maiden bed.

Before her he presents a Martiall wight,
Clad all in Armour, for encounters fit,
And sayes; *Sweet Virgin, love this Man of might,*
Give him thy heart, for he doth merit it,
For valour, courage, comely shape and limme,
The World hath not a Champion like to him.



Faire Phelice *in a Viſion,*
Entertaines the love of Guy:
Injoyning him adventures ſtrange,
His manly force to try.

Great

Great honour (Lady) thou ſhalt gaine thereby,
T'adorne thy Noble and renowned Birth;
He ſhall aſpire unto ſuch Majeſty,
His name will be a terrour on the Earth;
He ſhall become a Champion unto Kings,
And by the ſword performe admired things.

Be not ambitious that thou art high Borne,
Be not diſdainefull of a meane eſtate,
Be not defiled with the brand of ſcorne,
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties Mate;
For 'tis in vaine to ſtrive againſt my Bow,
If I ſay love, it muſt, and ſhall be ſo.

Fixe not thy thoughts baſely on worldly wealth,
(Coyne ſhould not be foundation unto love)
Corrupted hearts it drawes away by ſtealth,
Theſe Money-matches cannot happy prove:
For as the goods of Fortune doe decay,
So love which they beget, conſumes away.

I know how *Platoes* golden treaſure ſwayes,
By diveliſh and accurſed falſe illuſion:
I know how Womens humours now a dayes,
Run after riches to their owne confuſion;
I ſee the Peaſant with moſt abject life,
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.

But *Phelice*, if thou knew'ſt as much as I,
How baſe the gods eſteeme of ſuch abuſes,
When beauty ſels, and riches come to buy,
Which are not made for one anothers uſes,
Thou wouldeſt ſcorne that Maidens ſhould be ſold,
As Cattell are for Silver and for Gold.

Love muſt be ſimple, harmeleſſe, pure and plaine,
And take originall from true affection;
It muſt reciprocall returne againe,
Or elſe it doth diſcover imperfection. (deeds,
Loves inward thoughts concurre with outward
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds.

Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee,
In that thy Father is a worthy Earle;
It is not Dowry that can cauſe him woo thee,
Had'ſt thou the *Arabian* Gold, or *Indian* Pearle:
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came
For a ſweet face, his purpoſe is the ſame.

Therefore, ſweet Virgin, uſe him kindly well,
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine owne:
Affoord him love-roome in thy heart to dwell,
Let him no longer live in penſive moane:
But the next time thou doeſt behold his face,
Give him encouragement, with kinde imbrace.

And

And with that word (imbrace) he ſhot, and hit
The very center of her tender heart.
Feeling the wound, ſhe ſtarts awak't with it,
Being taught thereby to pitty Lovers ſmart;
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,
Becauſe he would be ſure ſhe ſhould be ſped.

With that ſhe fetch'd a ſigh, a grievous one,
And from her eyes a ſhowre of teares did fall:
Where is (quoth ſhe) the gentle Love-god gone,
Whoſe power I finde is powerfull unto all?
Oh call him back, my fault I doe confeſſe:
I have in Love beene too too pittileſſe.

Sweet Boy, ſollicite for me to thy Mother,
And at her Altars I will ſacrifice:
From this day forth, I will adore no other,
No Goddeſſe ſhall be gracious in mine eyes,
But ſhe that hath imperious rule and might,
To leade obdurate hearts to kinde delight.

Compaſſion now hath worthy conqueſt made
Of that ſtrong Fort, which did reſiſtance make:
One Shaft had beene ſufficient to perſwade
A League for Life, a Truce till Death doth take.
Guy more than Life doth *Phelice* love preferre,
Phelice affects *Guy* deare, as he doth her.

But unto him her love is yet unknowne,
Though his be made apparent long before:
He underſtands not that ſhe is his owne,
He feeles no ſalve apply'd unto his ſore;
'Till forc'd by paſſions, and conſtrain'd laments,
A ſecond ſuite he boldly thus preſents.

Phelice, I was arraigned long agoe,
And now I looke for Judgement at thy hand:
I have beene priſoner in a Jayle of woe,
So long, that ſpeedy ſentence I demand:
Oh ſpeake unto me either life or death!
For I am tyred with my vitall breath.

If kindneſſe dwell in that faire ſhape of thine,
Expreſſe it with *(I love:)* if none there be,
Then ſay, *I cannot unto Love incline*;
And ſo thou mak'ſt a quick diſpatch with me.
Cenſure me ſudden, either ſmile or frowne,
I will not live thus for this Kingdomes Crowne.

Phelice reply'd, 'Tis not at my diſpoſe,
To faſhion Love without my friends conſent;
What, would you wiſh me to be one of thoſe,
That are to Parents diſobedient?
Shall fond affection over-rule the will,
And doe you good, to be accounted ill?

You

You know my Fathers Greatneſſe in the Land,
And if he ſhould (as there's no other like)
The love of one too meane for me withſtand,
How could we bear the ſtroke, diſgrace would ſtrike?
Nothing but death could make my ſorrow ſweet,
And ſhame would wrap me in a Winding ſheet.

Doubt not of Father in this caſe (quoth he)
For *Warwicks* Earle (that Honourable man)
Shall ſee ſuch deeds of valour done by me,
To have diſlike he neither will nor can;
Injoyne me what adventures thou think'ſt good;
That wounds and ſcars may let my body blood.

Why then (quoth ſhe) *Guy*, make thy valour ſhine
Throughout the World, as glorious as the Sunne,
My heart, my ſoule, my life, my love is thine,
What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:
Make thy ſelfe famous by a Martiall life,
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawfull Wife.

I aske no more (ſaid he) to gaine thy love,
I ſhall eſteeme it bought at eaſie rate:
Oh that I were at work, my taske to prove,
With *Hercules*, or ſome ſuch churliſh Mate!
Phelice, farewell; this kiſſe thou giveſt me,
Shall make a number kiſſe the ground for thee.

From *England Guy* to *France* doth go,
Where deeds of armes are done:
And thence returnes triumphantly,
With all the Prizes wonne.

CANTO 3.

INlarg'd from ſorrows thraldome, by hopes bayle,
Guy armes his thoughts with Honors enterprize;
Imbarkes himſelfe, and into *France* doth ſayle,
Leaving faire *England*, where his Comfort lyes:
He ſeekes for Enemies, he longs for Foes,
And now deſires to be a dealing blowes.

In *Normandy* arriv'd, he underſtands,
That there was warlike buſineſſe to be done,
For valiant Knights, of divers Chriſtian Lands,
The race of valour did intend to runne,
A great adventure was propounded there,
Which newes was Muſick to his greedy eare.

The prize that drew them all unto this place,
Was Daughter to the *Almane* Emperour,
Faire *Blanch*, with ſuch a wondrous heavenly face,
It had attractive Beauty full of power.
In her, ſuch Graces did unite together,
The Worthies of the World came poaſting thither.

Who

Who wonne the Damſell (it was thus decreed)
By manly courage, and victorious might,
Should have her mounted on a milke white Steed;
Two Gray-hounds and a Faulcon all as white:
This was his Lot that could attaine the Day,
To beare the Honour and the Maide away.

Our Engliſh Knight prepares him for the Field,
Where Kings were preſent, Princes did repaire,
Where Dukes and Earles a great aſſembly held,
About the face that was ſo wondrous faire:
Though onely one muſt ſpeed, and hundreds miſſe,
Yet each man there imagin's *Blanch* is his.

The ſpacious Field where they aſſembled were,
Hardly afforded roome for armed crowdes,
The golden glittering Armour that was there,
Did dart the Sun-beames back unto the clowdes.
The pamper'd Horſes proudly ſtampt the ground,
To heare the clangor of the Trumpets ſound.

A *Germane* Prince of an undaunted ſprite,
A firſt and very fierce encounter gave
Unto an Earle, whoſe valour did requite,
With blow for blow, as reſolutely brave,
'Till by a ſtroke the Earle receiv'd on's head,
He was un-horſt, falling to ground for dead.

Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,
And deales with him as *Hercules* would doe:
Like force he never felt before nor ſince,
Such hard extremes he ne'r was put unto.
Juſt where himſelfe had laid the Earle in ſwound,
There down comes he, both horſe & man to ground.

Duke *Otton* ſeeing this, was in a rage,
And deſp'rate humour did inceníe him ſo,
He vowed by Heavens nothing ſhould aſſwage
His fury, but the death of the proud foe.
Prepare thee, Fight to breathe thy laſt (quoth he)
Monſter, Divell, or whatſoe're thou be.

They joyne together by a dreadfull fight.
The ſplinters flie, and clattering Armour ſounds:
The duſt aſcendeth up, and blinds their ſight,
The blood allayes it ſtreaming from their wounds:
Both their ſwords brake, they light, and on his back
Guy threw the Duke, that even his bones did crack.

Duke *Ranier* would revenge his Couſin then;
And for encounter he prepareth next:
Quoth *Guy*, I finde y'are wretches and no men,
That with a blow or fall ſo ſoone be vext,
But come, and welcome, I am for you all,
We ſay in *England*, *The weakeſt muſt to wall*.

They

They rush together, that the ground did shake,
While animating Trumpets sound allarme,
In *Raniers* shoulder *Guy* a wound did make,
Whereby he lost the use of his right arme:
Yeelding himselfe as others did before,
Unable once to wield his weapon more.

Then for a while all stood amaz'd at *Guy*,
And not a man was forward to proceed,
'Till *Lovaines* Duke his fortunes went to try,
Having good hope that he should better speed,
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he faire did sit,
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.

I think (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,
That hast the force of Magick in thy arme.
Ile teach thee to beleeve e're we depart,
Quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feele that I can charme:
Ile conjure thee even with an Iron spell,
My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.

With that he lent him such a cruell stroke;
That th'other did returne a weake replie,
With second and with third his Helmet broke.
Hold, hold, (quoth he) Ile rather yeeld than die.
Fight for a woman, he that list for me:
I thinke the Devill cannot deale with thee.

Then not a man that would encounter more,
They all were terrified and ſtood in feare:
And in a rage amongſt themſelves they ſwore,
What, ſhall a Stranger all the honour beare
Of this great Day? what curſed fortune's this,
That all the glory of the Field is his?

Amongſt themſelves his happineſſe they curſt,
In envies heate, not knowing what to doe,
They could have kil'd him, but that no man durſt
Put his owne life in hazard thereunto.
If wiſhes might have done it, he had dyde,
But fight with him not any could abide.

The Emperour, for *Gay*, a Knight did ſend,
Asking his name and birth-place, which he told.
Then ſaid his Majeſty, I much commend
Thy haughty Courage, reſolutely bold,
Brave Engliſh-man, that art thy Countries pride,
In *Europe* lives not ſuch a man beſide.

I doe admire thy worth, thy valour's great,
To ſpeak thy praiſe my tongue cannot ſuffice,
Aſcend to Honours juſt deſerved ſeate,
That art a ſecond *Hector* in mine eyes,
This Day thy worthy hand hath ſhowne me more,
Than in my life I ever ſaw before.

Come

Come and receive thy due desert from me,
My Daughters love is free at thy dispose,
The Gray-hounds, Steed, and Faulcon, take to thee:
Thy worthinesse doth merit more than those.
Hold, here's a Jewell, weare it for my sake:
Which I a witnesse of my love doe make.

Guy thank'd his Highnesse for his gracious favour,
And vow'd him service while his life did last:
Then to the Princesse with a milde behaviour,
A reverent, humble, modest looke he cast:
Saying, Faire Lady, Fortune is my friend,
That doth such Beauty to my Lot extend.

Madam, accept your loyall English Knight,
To doe true service when you please command it,
Who while he hath a drop of blood, will fight
In your behalfe, against who dare withstand it.
To be your Husband is degree too hye,
'Tis grace sufficient, call me servant *Guy*.

In *England* (doth my marriage Love remaine,
To whom I must and will be true for ever:
About whose face Nature hath tooke such paine,
I durst have sworne, flesh could have matcht it never;
But now I finde (that curiously have ey'd her)
There is a Phœnix in the World beside her.

And

And that's your selfe: I, dare the World deny it?
But which is faireſt, eyes cannot decide;
No humane judgement in the World can try it,
Who hath moſt beauty, *Blanch*, or my faire Bride:
I dare be bold to call you beauties Twinnes,
And *Venus*, Blackamore to both your skinnes.

Oh *Phelice*, here's thy Picture in this Princeſſe,
Me thinkes th'art preſent in her lovely looke:
Thou that of my ſoules faculties art Miſtris,
Recorded in Times brazen-leaved Booke:
To thee if I prove falſe, or be miſ-led,
Ioves fearefull vengeance light upon my head.

Quoth *Blanch*, Thy conſtancy (and ſighed deep)
Is highly to be praiſed, thou doſt well:
He that Loves promiſe will not faithfull keep,
In horror and in torments let him dwell.
But I ſuppoſe, thy vowes are yet to make,
And ſo what thy ſword won, thy heart may take.

What I avouch is true, the Heaven knowes,
My proteſtations are above the skies:
Madam, the Sunne declines, day ancient growes,
Ile take my leave of you in humble wiſe,
My body is unto repoſe inclinde,
Although no reſt be in my troubled minde.

My

My troubled mind's in *Warwick* Caſtle now,
Although my body be in *Normandy*:
Here I make others bend, there doe I bow,
And lowly as the humble ground doe lie,
Even at Loves feete I caſt my ſelfe to ground,
Though victory my temples here have crown'd.

I cannot ſtay, I muſt to *England* back,
My minde miſ-gives me *Phelice* is not well:
Like my ſad thoughts, my Armour ſhall be black;
Ile ſute me in a mournefull Iron ſhell:
For where the minde meets with ſuſpicious cares,
Diſtruſt is ever dealing doubtfull ſhares.

Yet I have much good fortune on my ſide,
That know the meanes how to attaine my bliſſe;
For *Phelice* love is to conditions tyde,
And I doe truſt ſhe is my owne by this:
By this ſhe may, but if ſhe more require,
There's nothing in the World I will deny're.

With haſty journey he is homeward bound,
Leaving the vulgar to their nine daies wonder:
Ariving ſafely on the Engliſh ground;
Poſting to her, ſuppos'd too long aſunder:
Whom with more joy his chearefull lookes behold,
Then can by pen, or lines of inke be told.



In France *all Knights of Chriſtendome,*
To winne a Princeſſe, meete:
Guy *conquers all, and winnes the prize,*
Then doth his Goddeſſe greete.

CANT. 4.

With the rewards of Victory,
Guy doth his Love preſent:
But *Phelice* is not ſatisfied;
Him forth againe ſhe ſent.

CANTO 4.

IN the ſuppoſed Haven of repoſe,
Hope caſteth Anchor for his Barke to ride:
With kinde ſalute unto his Love he goes;
Who gives imbracements, and all things beſide
Befits affection, all ſuch complements,
As Love can looke for, gracious ſhe preſents.

Faire Foe (quoth *Guy*) I come to challenge thee,
For there's no man that I can meete, will fight;
I have beene where a crue of Cowards be,
Not one that dare maintaine a Ladies right:
Good proper fellowes of their tongues and tall,
That let me win a Princeſſe from them all.

Phelice, this ſword hath won an Emperours daughter,
As ſweet a Wench as lives in *Europes* ſpace:
At price of blowes, & bloody wounds I bought her,
Well worth my bargaine; but thy better face
Hath made me leave her to ſome others Lot,
For I proteſt by Heavens, I love her not.

This ſtately Steed, this Faulcon, and theſe Hounds,
I tooke, as in full payment of the reſt:
For I will keep my love within the bounds
That doe encloſe the compaſſe of my breſt:
My conſtancy to thee is all my care,
Leaving all other Women as they are.

But Sweet-heart, tell me, ſhall I have thee now?
Wilt thou conſent the Prieſt ſhall doe his part?
Art thou reſolved ſtill to keep thy vow?
Is none but I halfe with thee in thy heart?
Canſt thou forſake the World, change Maiden life,
And helpe thy faithfull Lover to a Wife?

Quoth *Phelice*, worthy Knight, my joyes are great,
To underſtand thy Honourable deeds:
It ſeemes, ſome were in ſuch a bloody ſweat,
Their valour, fame, and reputation bleeds:
I give thee humble thankes that for my ſake,
Such hard adventures did'ſt vouchſafe to take.

To win a Princeſſe was a precious prize:
But ſure me thinkes, if I had beene Sir *Guy*,
She ſhould have found more favour in mine eyes,
Than take a Horſe, and turne a Lady by.
What, is a Horſe, a Faulcon and a Hound,
More worthfull than a Lady ſo renown'd?

Perhaps

Perhaps you'l ſay, 'tis done for love of me,
I doe imagine, nay beleeve it ſo:
And though I jeſt, I will doe more for thee,
Than thou, or any but my ſelfe doth know.
Ile never marry whiles life's Glaſſe doth runne,
But onely thee: thee, or Ile die a Nunne.

But give me leave to ſpeake my minde (kinde Love)
Let me lock up my ſecrets in thy breaſt:
I had a Viſion did affection move;
Cupid came to me in my quiet reſt,
And did command me in his Mothers name,
To love thee: thus perſwading to the ſame.

An armed man (juſt as I ſee thee now)
He ſet before me, ſpeaking to me thus:
Phelice, be gentle-hearted, yeelding, bow,
Doe not oppoſe againſt the power of us;
But all thy love, thy loyalty and truth,
Beſtow it freely on this matchleſſe Youth.

Throughout the world, his fame ſhall be admired,
And mighty men ſhall tremble at his wrath:
To end Kings quarrels he ſhall be required,
His worthineſſe ſhall tread no common path,
But actions to be fear'd he ſhall effect,
Matters of moment, things of great reſpect.

This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I have beene obedient to his will:
Now if I would, I know not how to hate,
Of perfect kindneſſe I am taught the skill:
Beleeve me, *Guy*, for if it were not ſo,
This ſecret of my heart thou ſhould'ſt not know.

But now, my Love, before thou doſt poſſeſſe
Thy conſtant *Phelice* in her marriage bed,
Thou muſt doe deeds of greater worthineſſe,
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.
Ile ever love thee, though thou doe ne'r more,
But will not grant the uſe of love before.

Not grant me uſe of love (quoth he) faire friend?
Why then of force I muſt abroad againe:
I will content thee, or Ile make an end
One way or other, ſlay or elſe be ſlaine:
E're I returne againe into this Realme,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe I have fulfil'd thy Dreame.

Aſſiſt me, Heavens, as I meane upright:
For I proteſt by all the powers Divine,
No unjuſt quarrell ſhall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will ne'r incline;
But ſtand for thoſe that by oppreſſion fall,
In Honours venture, be it life and all.

Come,

Come, my *Bellona*, doe thou gird my ſword,
Imbrace my Armour in thy Ivory armes;
And ſuch kinde kiſſes as thou canſt afford,
Beſtow upon me in the ſtead of Charmes:
I thinke upon *Vlyſſes* loving Wife,
How thou art now to imitate her life.

Farewell, my *Phelice*, health and happineſſe
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts deſire:
And I beſeech God grant me like ſucceſſe,
As I reſolve my love to thee intire.
At my returne, when *Mars* his buſineſſe ends,
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.

And ſo unto Earle *Rohand* he repaires,
And tells him he is come to take his leave:
He muſt ſeeke out where honour dealeth ſhares,
To purchaſe that which worthy men receive.
At home (ſayes he) my Honourable Lord,
I finde, that Valour nothing can afford.

Therefore Ile ſearch abroad what's to be done,
From Country unto Kingdome Ile reſort:
By Natures courſe my Glaſſe hath much to runne:
I well may ſpare ſome yeeres for fighting ſport:
Of idleneſſe there's nothing comes but evill,
I hate a Coward as I hate the Divell.

Guy (quoth the Earle) thou mak'ſt me grieve at this,
The newes is more than I can well indure?
Thy wiſhed company ſo ſoone to miſſe,
When I did make account I had beene ſure
Poſſeſt of thee, at thy late travels end,
And doſt thou now journeyes of new intend?

Remaine with me, trnſt not to Fortunes power,
Though now ſhe have ſo well and kindly dealt;
She may allot thee an unlucky houre,
That inſtantly her favours ſo haſt felt:
Her courteſies are moſt unconſtant things,
Beleeve her not, ſhe dealeth falſe with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheele thou now doſt ſit,
Aud with Fames triumph thy glory doth remaine:
Oh! doe not over-raſhly hazard it;
Loſt honour is not eaſly got againe.
May not one curſed and unhappy blow
Betray thy life to thy inſulting foe?

May not a Monſter, or a ſavage Beaſt:
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath?
May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkeſt leaſt,
Cut off thy courſe, by an untimely death?
May not a thouſand dangers on thee light,
Where but thy ſelfe, thy wronged ſelfe muſt right?

(Quoth

(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not feare,
That to adventures doth himſelfe diſpoſe;
He muſt a minde of reſolution beare,
And thinke himſelfe too good for all his foes.
Ile never dread I ſhall be over-mand,
While I have hands to fight, or legs to ſtand.

Therefore in humble ſort I leave your Honour,
Wiſhing all health unto your happy ſtate:
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,
Why, ſhe ſhall ſee I will diſdaine her hate:
What Starre ſoever ſwai'd when I was borne,
I beare a minde will laugh miſ-hap to ſcorne.

Guy to the Duke of *Lovaine* goes,
And joynes with him in ſtrength,
Againſt the Emperour *Reynere*;
Then makes his peace at length.

Canto 5.

NOw *Guy* expects a favourable gaile,
Which to his hearts deſire doth attaine,
And with a ſpeedy paſſage he doth ſaile,
To ſeeke adventures out in *France* againe,
Where finding none, from thence away he hyes
To *Lovaine*, where in ſiege the Emperour lyes.

For *Segwin*, Duke of *Lovaines* hap was ſuch,
At Turnament a Nobleman to kill,
The Emperours Couſin, whom he loved much,
And tooke the death of him exceeding ill:
So that a quarrell there upon aroſe,
And warres enſu'd betwixt two mighty foes.

Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his ayde;
But in the way an accident befell:
For by Duke *Otton* he was falſe betraide,
And's life in queſtion, which he free'd well.
Otton in *France* before diſgrac'd by *Guy*,
Had vow'd where-ere he met him, he ſhould dye.

And to that end, ſixreene appointed were,
To lie in ambuſh, and ſurprize him ſo,
All men of reſolution, voide of feare,
That in a Forreſt did themſelves beſtow,
And ſet on *Guy*, onely with three Knights more;
The like diſtreſſe he ne'r was in before.

Now Gentlemen, and loving friends (quoth he)
Show your ſelves Engliſh-hearted, rightly bred:
Here is ſome oddes, ſixteene unto you three,
But I the fourth will ſtand you in ſome ſted,
You three ſhall combat ſixe, that's two for one,
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where-

Wherewith he drew his ſword, and laid about,
That ratling armour eccho'd in the skie,
Dealing ſo reſolute amongſt the rout,
That downe they drop on every ſide and die.
Here lyeth one that hath no legs to ſtand,
And there another wanting head and hand.

Guy quickly made diſpatch of his halfe ſcore,
He was not long in ridding them away:
But then remained halfe a doozen more,
Which two of his moſt worthy Knights did ſlay;
When he perceiv'd them fall, he ſtampt the ground,
And utter'd forth this fearefull angry ſound:

Ah villaines, how my ſoule abhorres this ſight!
For theſe, how my revenging paſſion ſtrives!
This bloody deed, with blood I will requite;
You die for it, had each a thouſand lives:
Two ſlaine out-right, and *Herauld* wounded too,
Is the laſt curſed act that you ſhall doe.

With force (as 'twere exceeding humane ſtrength)
He laies upon them blowes to ſtagger under,
And brings them breathleſſe to the ground, at length
Cut all in piece-meale for the Crowes aſunder:
There lie (quoth he) and feaſt Fowles of the ayre,
Or feed thoſe ſalvage beaſts that will repaire.

But theſe ſweet Gentlemen that reſign'd
Their deareſt lives, even for the love of me;
And came from *England* as their love inclin'd,
Companions in my hardeſt haps to be,
I will interre in honourable wiſe,
With beſt ſolemnity I can deviſe.

From thence unto a Hermit dwelling nye,
He rode, and did commit that charge with care;
Who did performe the office carefully,
And *Heraud* home unto his Cell he bare;
Who was not dead, though *Guy* ſuppo'd him ſlaine,
But by the Hermit was reſtor'd againe.

Now forth goes *Guy*, penſive, perplexed, ſad,
Grieving that Deſtiny ſo cruelly dealt;
For left alone, no company he had,
To eaſe the torments that in heart he felt:
'Till travailing along, at laſt he found
A place for honour, very much renown'd.

There did he meete with Tilt and Turnament,
And entertain'd both glory and delight:
There Fortune yeelded him her full conſent,
To win the beſt of every valiant Knight:
Of all the worthy men that did reſort,
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyners* Court.

Then

Then to the Duke of *Millane* he repaires,
Where, by his worth he is admir'd of all:
And understanding that some great affaires,
'Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Lovaine* did befall,
And th'Emperour, *Millane* he did forsake,
And towards *Lovaine* did his journey take.

As he did passe upon the way, he meetes
A Pilgrim, that with travaile seemed faint:
Whom in all humane courtesie he greetes,
And with some newes intreats him to acquaint
His longing eare: he with a sigh or two,
Said Sir, With newes I little have to doe.

One thing in all this World is all my care,
And onely that, and nothing else I minde:
I seeke a man, and seeke him in despaire,
Because I long have sought, and cannot finde:
A man more dearely to my soules-love tide,
Than all the men are in the World beside.

Why, what art thou, (quoth *Guy*) or who is he?
Of kindnesse be so kinde as tell in briefe,
I am an English man of Knights degree,
(Quoth *Heraud*) and the subject of my griefe,
Is losse of one Sir *Guy*, my Country-man:
Guy with joyes teares lights to imbrace him than.

And art thou living, *Heraud*, my deare friend,
(Quoth he) and kindly tooke him in his armes?
Then cheerefully let ſorrowes all take end,
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harmes?
The good old Hermit by his skill did ſave me,
With wholeſome medicines, and ſalves he gave me.

Guy did rejoyce, and *Heraulds* joyes abound,
At this ſo good and happy accident:
No angry Starre is oppoſition frown'd,
But each was owner of his owne content.
So poaſting with good fortune on their ſide,
Unto the Duke of *Lovaine* they doe ride.

The City in diſtreſſe beſieg'd they finde,
And very ſmall reſiſtance could be made:
But *Segwin* was right joyfull in his minde,
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his ayde.
For now (quoth he) boldly preſume I can,
We have an Honourable valiant man.

Adviſe me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,
To free the preſent danger we are in?
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) there's freedome to be wonne,
Even by a courſe, my ſelfe will firſt begin:
Let's iſſue forth upon them preſently,
Our courages will make the Cowards flye.

Ile

Ile give consent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy project willingly I doe approve:
Let limbe be lost, let life and blood be spilt,
All follow thee, that come to me in love.
Open the Gates, let's beate them from our Walles:
"He lies no lower than the ground that falles.

Then suddenly the City they forsake,
And on the *Almaines* resolutely set;
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,
That many thousands lives paid death his debt.
Of thirty thousand that in siege there lay,
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.

The Emperour at this was much agriev'd,
And with new Forces gave a new assault:
Knowing the City could not be reliev'd,
And then their strength would weaken by default:
So comes upon them, with a fresh supply,
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.

Guy and the Duke upon the Walles appeare,
And tell him he shall never winne the Towne:
For they can spare their Soldiers much good cheere,
Throwing them Victuals in abundance downe.
Intreating them if they want more than that,
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.

But now (quoth *Guy*) your bodies are well fed,
How doe you feele your ſtomacks to goe fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But dunghils, that will ſooner crow than bite:
For ſtill when Cowards doe begin a fray,
Looke ere it ends, to ſee them runne away.

And ſo your ſelves have lately done, we ſee,
Your tongues were heard, but hands there's no man (feeles:
Moſt hot to brabble and contend you be,
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heeles:
We did ſuſpect when you came here to forage,
We ſhould have bin encumbred with your courage.

Bu 'tis not ſo, alas, y'are not the men,
Unleſſe perhaps aſleepe you ſhould us catch:
For waking wee'le encounter one for ten,
And never wiſh to have a better match.
Have at you once againe, ſet faſt, we come,
March on my hearts, ſound trumpets, ſtrike up drum.

Upon the ſudden, with the Foe they be,
Fighting like men that laugh'd pale death to ſcorne:
Reſolved now they would their City free,
Or never live to ſee the next day morne.
Much blood was ſhed, great ſtore of lives it coſt,
And on the *Almaines* ſide the Field was loſt.

The Duke and *Guy* purſue their Foes in chaſe,
Who like ſo many Hares away doe flie;
Wiſhing that they had wings to mend their pace,
So ſweet is life to them that feare to die:
But Fortune in an angry doome decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame, and life ſhould bleed.

The Victors to the City then retired,
With Trophies of triumphant glory wonne:
And all that heard the action, much admired
The great exploit, ſo reſolutely done:
But unto *Guy*, the Duke all thankes did yeeld,
For thou (quoth he) art *Cæſar* of our Field.

My Lord (quoth *Guy*) I joy not halfe ſo much,
That we have wrought a freedome by the ſword,
As I ſhould glory, if my hap were ſuch,
'Twixt you and th'Emperour to make accord:
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it,
And put good will to a blunt Souldiers wit.

The Duke conſents with thankes, and doth intreat
Him take a guard of Souldiers forth the Towne;
Danger that ſeemes but little, may prove great,
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crowne.
Goe, Honourable man, what thou ſhalt doe;
Ile ſet my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

Guy goes unto the Emperour, ſpeakes thus:
High Majeſty, all health unto thy Grace,
And Peace to thee, if thou ſay Peace to us;
And Love to thee, if Love thou wilt imbrace:
As we are Chriſtians, let us warre no more,
But fight 'gainſt ſuch as will not God adore.

We ſue not to thee in a ſervile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou haſt;
For victory doth now diſplay his Banner,
And Warre yeelds us a ſweet and pleaſant taſte:
No cauſe doth move it; but a Conſcience cauſe,
To bring the Heathens to religious Lawes.

Speake *Reynet*, and reſolve, what wilt thou doe?
With Souldiers brevity my Meſſage ends?
Give me an anſwer even as briefe thereto:
Shall we be Chriſtian foes, or Chriſtian friends?
Shall we among our ſelves that name devide?
Or challenge thoſe that have the ſame denide?

Brave Engliſh-man, hadſt thou ſpoke thus before,
Thouſands (qd. he) had liv'd which now are ſlaine:
Earth ſhould have wanted of that ſlaughtered ſtore,
Which in her vaſty bowels now remaine,
Thou haſt prevail'd with me, here Warre ſhall ceaſe
And I imbrace thee as a friend of Peace.

Thy motion tends to honour, honours Knight,
And thou ſhalt live in fames immortall praiſe:
When thou art buried in eternall night,
Thy name ſhall laſt the longeſt length of dayes,
Thou doſt the Worthies of the World exceed,
Bleſt be thy Country did thy perſon breed.

Come, goe my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Towne,
And with Duke *Segwin* there a League renue:
Our ends ſhall be to pull the Pagans downe,
That unto Chriſts Religion are untrue.
My greateſt joy will be, to heare it ſaid,
This is the beſt dayes worke that e're *Guy* made.

Guy with a thouſand choſen men
Againſt the Pagans goes: (felt
And makes them curſe that e're they
The force of Chriſtian blowes.

Canto 6.

THe power of Peace hath vanquiſh't ſtubborne (war,
And mighty Princes worthily conclude,
The ſword ſhall ruſt in ſheath, before it jarre,
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:
Chriſtians in name and action to unite,
'Gainſt unbeleeving Infidels to fight.

Guy with a thouſand men doth take his leave,
To harken further after martiall newes,
And doth a true intelligence receive,
That barb'rous Pagans, Sarazens and Jewes,
Turkes, and the like, of *Mahomets* blinde crue,
In moſt confuſed warre, each other ſlew.

To them he goes partiall on neither part,
(His ſword did favour every ſide alike)
They all were odious to him in his heart,
Which arm'd his hand with vigor for to ſtrike,
And worke amazement unto their contending,
Comming ſo roughly to their quarrels ending.

(Quoth they amongſt themſelves) what fellow's this,
That layes about him like a madman thus?
Of certainty, more than a man he is;
For humane force would feare to fight with us:
But if he be as ſeemeth by his ſhape,
Had he ten thouſand lives, he ſhould not ſcape.

Then did a haughty Pagan ſtep to *Guy*,
And ſaid to him, If valour in thee reſt,
Let's have a little ſport 'twixt thee and I,
Onely to ſee which of our ſwords cuts beſt:
Thou haſt a weapon there, like a Reed:
Me thinkes it is too blunt to make one bleed.

Too blunt (quoth *Guy*) and in his anger groanes,
Pagan, I like thy humour paſſing well;
Ile whet it ere we part, upon thy bones,
And then another tale thou wilt me tell:
If it ſhould faile me now, it were a wonder,
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in ſunder.

But come, art ready? bid thy friends adiew,
And ſay thy prayers unto thy Pagan gods;
For I doe meane to uſe thee like a Jew,
Becauſe with Chriſtians thou doſt live at ods.
Looke that thy head be ſet on ſure and faſt,
Or mortall man, Ile prove thee but a blaſt.

Then did they lend each other luſty knocks,
That ſparkes of fire from their Helmets flye:
The partiall multitude about them flocks,
Expecting all, the end and death of *Guy*:
For *Coldran* whom he fought withall was ſtrong,
And had beene Champion to the Pagans long.

At length *Guy* lent him ſuch a ſpeeding blow,
That down comes *Coldran* & his ſtrength to ground.
Pagan (quoth he) is my ſword ſharpe or no,
With which even now ſo blunt a fault you found?
Riſe quick, for if thy legs thou canſt not feele,
Off goes thy head, as true as this is Steele.

Forthwith he made him ſhorter by the head:
And that unto the Emperour he ſent:
The Infidels grew all aſtoniſhed,
For they in *Coldran* were ſo confident,
They durſt have ventur'd goods, and life, and limbe,
On any combate that was fought by him.

Then *Heraud* (to give *Guy* ſome breathing ſpace)
Challeng'd a Pagan called *Elmadant*;
And dar'd him, and defi'd him to his face;
(For valiant *Heraud* did no courage want)
The Pagan ſomewhat hot with furie fild,
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kild.

Preſently *Guy* unto another comes,
Call'd *Morgadour*, and ſoundly with his blade
Layes on him, and his ſences ſo benummes,
He tumbles head-long like a tired Jade. (downe,
The Pagans ſeeing their Champions thus goe
Forſooke the Field, retyring to the Towne.

Where a moſt bloody tyrant bare the ſway,
Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,
And did a combat at his hands require.
Villaine (quoth he) whom like a Dog I ſcorne,
Ile make thee curſe the time that thou waſt borne.

Know

Know Runagate, I come to fetch thy head,
For to a Lady I have promis'd it:
My Curres shall with thy Englisn flesh be fed,
They must devoure thy body ev'ry bit:
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'st,
Thou canst not scape by trust ng in thy Christ.

And hast thou given away my head (quoth he)
Unto a Lady? 'tis a brave intent:
An honest man will his words master be;
And never promise more than he hath meant.
Come on thy wayes and take it quickly off,
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoffe.

With proud disdaine together then they rush,
Laying it on as fast as both could drive:
But *Eskeldart*, *Guyes* sword did so becrush,
That for his head he durst no longer strive:
But on the sudden for to save his owne,
Put's Spurs to Horse, and all in poast is gone.

Guy then returnes to *Herand*, and declares
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head:
Who smiling at it, merrily prepares
To tell of his adventures, how he sped,
With a false Coward called *Adelart*,
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart.

And being hurt moſt dangerouſly ſo,
Was intercepted ere he could retire,
By *Eſtellard*; a proud inſulting foe,
Compos'd of cruelty of divelliſh ire.
But (quoth Sir *Heraud*) e're our fray was done,
I made them wiſh it never had begun.

For *Addellart* I wounded in the ſide,
And *Eſtellard* I curtaild by the knees:
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide,
Unto the Jayle where wormes doe claime their fees:
So when theſe two were ſeene to fall downe dead,
All th'other Pagans with amazement fled.

Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet, I perceive
Theſe Miſcreants like unto Foxes hye:
But gentle *Heraud*, e're we take our leave,
One Combat more I am reſolv'd to trye:
The Generall of this accurſed rout,
Shall be the man I meane to ſingle out.

They tearme him mighty *Souldan* Friend, I long
To make a proofe if he deſerve the name,
I am in doubt they doe him mighty wrong,
If might be wanting to avouch the ſame;
Titles of worth become baſe Cowards ill,
Ile try what's in him, hap what-ever will.

Nay

Which is the way (quoth he) thoſe Villaines went?
That path, ſaid wofull *Terry*, by yon Oke:
Have after them, this deed they ſhall repent,
As I am a Chriſtian Knight: and as he ſpoke
He heard a ſhrike, which was the Ladies cry.
So by that ſound, he did them ſoone deſcry.

Comming unto them, Wretched Slaves (quoth he)
What doe you purpoſe with this Lady here?
Inlarge her preſently, and ſet her free,
You have done wrongs, that will be rated deare.
Her Husband wounded, ſhe us'd violent,
Will coſt your lives a price incontinent.

With that they laugh'd, and ſaid, What foole's this
Or rather mad man in his deſp'rate minde, (ſame,
That meanes by wilfull death, to get a name,
And have the world report he hath beene kinde?
The fellow ſure is in ſome frantick fit,
And meanes to fight, without both feare or wit.

Like ſo (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,
You ſhall all finde to be a raging one;
With that he ſhowes them *Mars* his angry brow,
And bids the Lady ceaſe her penſive mone,
Saying, Good Madame, unto joy incline:
For ſuddenly the Raſcals will be mine.

Then with a courage admirable bold,
At every blow ſome one or other dyes:
Wh ch when the gentle Lady did behold;
Oh p tty, worthy Knight, ſhe cryes:
Theſe mortall wounds I can no longer ſee,
Be not ſo bloody in revenging me.

Upon my knees I doe intreat thee ſtay,
This is to me a terrifying ſight:
Oh, with their lives thou takeſt mine away,
If one die more, I fainting yeeld my ſprite.
Thou worthily my honour haſt defended,
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I ceaſe at your requeſt.
Depart baſe Raſcals, all but two be gon:
But Villaines you did binde her for the reſt,
And ſtrooke them with his ſword (the ſcabbard on)
That downe the ground they fell, making this ſcuſe,
My Lord, we onely kept her to thy uſe.

Then o n his Steed he lets the Lady ride,
To ſeeke her Lord, whom ſhe had left diſtreſt:
And *Guy* unto the place became her guide,
Where comming they did finde him, carefull dreſt:
For in their abſence came a Hermit by,
VVhich to his bleeding wounds did ſalve apply.

Terry and *Osile* in their joyes abound,
And gratefully to *Guy* all thankes doe give:
Be thou (saide they) in life and death renown'd,
VVhom we will honour while we breathing live.
Hold, here's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*,
In fight for thee I would be proud to die.

Guy takes Earle *Terryes* Fathers part,
And kills the Duke his foe:
With sword destroyes a cruell Bore,
Preventing dangers so.

Canto 8.

NOw *Titans* Horse with his fiery Carre,
Had brought the day to darknes in the VVest:
And *Vesper*, the fame silver-shining Starre,
VVhich doth adorne the skie at Evening best,
Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphære,
To welcome sable nights approaching neere.

VVhen *Terry*, *Guy*, and *Osile*, wanting guide,
Did stray about the unfrequented wood,
Hearing the salvage noyse on ev'ry side,
Of Beasts that thirsted after humane blood,
As Bores, and Beares, and Lyons, and the like:
VVhich to their hearts did some amazement strike.

On every ſide they caſt a heedfull eye,
Still doubting on the ſudden ſome ſurprize.
At length two armed men they did eſpy,
That alſo liſten to thoſe fearefull cries,
Each had his ſword in hand, being ready drawne,
Knowing, that place did yeeld no Dogs would fawne.

Comming more neere, Sir *Heraud* was the one,
The other even as dearely *Terryes* friend; (knowne:
Who with embracements made their gladneſſe
And then the Earle demanded to what end
His loving Couſin paſs'd the Deſart ſo?
My Lord (quoth he) to bring thee newes of woe.

Thy noble Father is beſieged now,
In his ſtrong Caſtle, by Duke *Ottons* power:
Who hath proteſted by a ſolemne vow,
About his eares he will pull downe the Tower,
In a revenge that thou his Love haſt got:
He ſweares thy Fathers life eſcapeth not.

His Love (quoth *Terry*) prethee *Oſile* ſpeake,
Acquaint this worthy man with thy ſoules thought;
Have I procur'd thee any faith to breake?
Or beene the inſtigator unto ought
That is unjuſt in righteous Heavens ſight?
Never (quoth *Oſile*) thou haſt beene upright.

That

That wretched man would force my love away,
In claiming that, I ne'r intend to give,
I will be thine untill my dying day,
Thou ſhalt enjoy me all the houres I live,
And when I alter this Determination,
Let Gods, and men, hold me in deteſtation.

Well ſpake (ſaid *Guy*) Lady, be conſtant ever,
And honours blemiſh then thou needſt not doubt,
Keepe Loves foundation firme, alter it never,
It is for Love I range the world about,
And doe expoſe my life to mortall danger,
In this exiled ſtate, an unknowne ſtranger.

But *Terry*, wherefore are thy lookes ſo ſad,
That hath thy Love in perſon to embrace?
As farre as *England* mine is to be had,
And many yeeres I have not ſeene her face.
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,
But that my patience is a truſty friend.

My Lord (ſaid *Terry*) know you not my griefe?
And heard this Meſſenger relate the cauſe?
Oh, my diſtreſſed Father wants reliefe,
I were a Rebell unto Natures lawes,
Not to condole with him in his extreme,
Making his troubles my true ſorrowes Theame.

If that be all (quoth he) thou are to blame,
There is no cauſe to ſpend a fight thereon:
He terrifie Duke *Otton* with my name,
Let him but heare I come, and hee'l be gon:
Some thing betweene us may not be forgot,
He felt my ſword in *France*, but lik't it not.

Since that againſt my life a plot he laide,
By Villaines that ſurpriz'd me in a wood,
But treachery with vengeance was repaide.
Who ever knew a Traitors end prove good?
Accurſed haps attend them evermore:
In brazen Bull *Perillus* did firſt rore.

I will goe with thee to defend thy Father,
(For the oppreſſed I have vow'd to right)
And reaſon moves it, ſo much the rather,
Mine owne abuſes therewith to require,
This opportunity wee'l not omit,
In that occaſion falleth out ſo fit.

Let's haſten on with ſpeed unto the place,
Preventing miſchiefe e're too farre it runne,
Take hold on Time before he turnes his face,
Good proveth beſt when it is ſooneſt done.
Goe like *AEneas* with a filiall joy,
To fetch thine old *Anchiſes* out of *Troy*.

Cou-

Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold heart
Cannot be daunted, I perceive with feare:
Compos'd of *Mars* his element thou art,
Of powerfull limbes to manage Sword and Speare:
My melancholy thou haſt baniſh'd hence,
And with ſtrong hope arm'd me in recompence.

Now all in poaſt they ſpeed themſelves away,
And in ſhort time unto the Caſtle come,
Whereas Duke *Otton* with his Forces lay,
Relying on his Souldiers ample ſumme:
But when the Captaines of *Guyes* comming knew,
They fled by night, and never bad adew.

This was diſcouragement to all the reſt,
To ſee their Leaders thus give ground and flie:
Yet did the Duke moſt reſolute proteſt,
If each man in the Caſtle were a *Guy*,
He would not leave it baſely, and retire:
Though life be deare, yet honours place is hyer.

Terry (ſaid *Guy*) we muſt not tedious be:
Experience often hath my Tutor bin,
And taught, that when advantage I doe ſee,
To faſten on occaſion, and begin,
The Enemy by feare himſelfe ſubdues,
Adde force to that, and victory enſues.

We

We will not make our priſon of this place,
As long as there is field-roome to be got:
'Tis my deſire to meet the Dukes good Grace,
And combat him, becauſe he loves me not.
If that you will not leave this houſe of ſtone,
Ile leave you all, and goe my ſelfe alone.

And with theſe words *Herauld* and he depart,
Which when the Caſtle Souldiers did perceive,
They gave a ſhowt, Our Generall thou art,
Thy honourable ſteps we will not leave,
We are reſolved to attend thee ſtill:
Let Fortune uſe us, even as Fortune will.

And thus moſt valiant they doe march along,
Giving the onſet, feareleſſe to their foe,
Making thoſe multitudes that ſeeme ſo ſtrong,
Retire themſelves, with ſlaughtered overthrow.
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Souldiers flie:
Periſh (quoth he) baſe villaines, here Ile die.

Where is this *Engliſh-man* that haunts my ghoſt,
And thus purſueth me from place to place?
I challenge him to come and leave the Hoſt,
And meet with reſolution, face to face,
Let equall envie make this equall match,
All controverſies we will ſoone diſpatch.

Agreed

Agree (quoth *Guy*) proud foe, I yeeld consent,
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience cleare,
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,
Which worthy men of all things hold most deare.
The noble-minded censure him with shame,
That lives to see the death of his good name.

Then toward each other they did mainely make,
And brake their Launces very violent:
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,
Fighting untill great store of blood was spent.
For envie did the Dukes keene weapon whet,
And on *Guyes* sword, revenge an edge did set.

At length through losse of blood the Duke fell down
And said, Now fond felicity farewell,
I am betrai'd by Fortunes angry frowne,
And this, experience to the world doth tell,
There's nothing constant that the earth containes,
Death deales with Monarks, as with simple Swaines.

Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,
Greatnesse hath great account thereon depending:
As death doth leave us, so shall Judgement finde us,
There is no peace unto a happy ending:
My dying houre yeelds more repentant grace,
Than in my life I ever could embrace.

Th'immortall ſoule doth with theſe words depart,
And leaves the breathleſſe body did containe it:
While wofull paſſions doe afflict *Guyes* heart,
Now wiſhing to himſelfe he had not ſlaine it:
For true Humilitie compaſſion ſhowes:
To ſee afflictions over-burthen woes.

Guy ſheath'd his ſword, and ſaid, Remaine thou there,
Untill I doe arrive on *Englands* ſhore:
No further quarrell to the World I beare,
For love of *Phelice* I will bleed no more:
From her I have beene too too long away,
And will returne to challenge Souldiers pay.

So thence he rode to finde Sir *Heraud* out:
Making his journey through a Deſart place,
Which was obſcure, environ'd round about
With ſhady trees, that hid bright *Phœbus* face:
Where ſuddenly he met the hugeſt Bore,
That ever mortall eye beheld before.

The beaſt came at him moſt exceeding fell,
Which he preventing, ſtands upon his guard,
And doth avoid thoſe dreadfull Tuskes right well,
Laying upon the Swiniſh head ſo hard,
That dead he left him, who had many ſlaine,
For forth that Wood, no man came back againe.

When

When this was done, *Heraud* he overtakes,
And tells him what a Christmas Brawne he slew,
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,
Which was to bid all forraigne parts adew,
And see the heavenly object of his heart:
Heraud consents, and they forthwith depart.

To *England* comes victorious *Guy*,
And doth faire *Phelice* wed:
At *Yorke* presenting *Athelstone*,
A dreadfull Dragons head.

Canto 9.

ASsisted now by nimble-winged Time,
Guy shapes his course for *England*, & doth leave
The bold adventures of each forraigne Clime,
Loves just reward from *Phelice* to receive.
As *Hercules* twelve Labours being past,
Found time for *Dianiraes* love at last.

Heraud and *Guy* no sooner doe arrive,
But newes thereof unto the King was brought,
Who heard of all before they did atchive,
Which made him much desirous in his thought,
To see such Subjects matchlesse men alone,
In honouring *England* and King *Athelstone*,

To *Yorke* they goe, for there the King was then,
To whom they did moſt humble dutie ſhow:
Welcome (quoth he) renowned martiall men,
My Princely love upon you I beſtow,
Your fortunate ſucceſſe contentment breeds:
Fame came before, & brought us home your deeds.

Guy, thou haſt laid a heavie hand, we heare,
Upon the necks of Pagan Infidels,
And ſent them home by fatall Sword and Speare,
To horrors vault, where Unbeleevers dwells.
Devouring Beaſts thou likewiſe haſt deſtroy'd,
That humane creatures fearefull have annoy'd.

Yet worthy man, I thinke thou ne'r didſt ſlay,
Of all thoſe monſters, terrible and wilde,
More cruell creature than at this ſame day,
Deſtroyes what e're he meetes, man, woman, childe,
Cattell and all, which no man dare withſtand:
A dreadfull Dragon in *Northumberland*.

I ſpeake not this to animate thee on,
And hazard life at ſetting foot on ſhore,
For divers to deſtroy this beaſt have gone,
But to their friends never returned more:
No, I expreſſe who happy thou haſt bin,
To free like feares that other men were in.

Dread

Dread Lord (quoth *Guy*) as I am Engliſh Knight,
And faithfull unto God, true to my King,
I will goe ſee if that ſame beaſt dare bite,
For to your Grace his head I meane to bring.
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
But made him leave both ſcratching and his biting.

And as I dealt with him, Ile deale with this,
Onely I doe beſeech your Royall Grace,
Command me ſome direction where he is,
And to your Court Ile bring his ugly face,
Or your milde favour never let me ſee:
Dragon, or Divell; whatſoe're he be.

So taking humble leave, away he rides
Unto *Northumberland*, to finde that beaſt:
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,
And brought him where the Dragon held his feaſt
Like *Caniball*, that feeds on fleſh of men:
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Cave's his Den.

It is enough, ſaid he: doe you remaine,
And leave me to goe finde out *Hidra's* head,
That never ſhall devoure a man againe,
Who with ſo many bodies have beene fed:
Here Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to ſtay,
Sit on your Horſes and behold our fray.

Comming unto the Cave, the Dragon ſpies him,
And forth he ſtalkes with lofty ſpeckled breſt,
Of dreadfull forme: as ſoone as e're *Guy* eyes him,
His Launce he ſpeedy ſet into his reſt,
Then ſpurres to Horſe, and at the Dragon makes;
That bearing ground at the encounter ſhakes.

Then very lightly *Guy* returnes his Horſe,
And comes upon him with redoubled might;
The Dragon meetes him with reſiſting force,
And like a Reed his Launce in two did bite.
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to ſuch bites you fall,
I have a toole to pick your teeth withall.

Then drew his Sword (a keene and maſſie blade)
And fiercely ſtrocke with furious blowes ſo fell,
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,
Which caus'd the Dragon yawne, like mouth of hell,
Roaring with a moſt fear-full hideous ſound,
And with his clawes all rent and tore the ground.

Impatient of the ſmart he did ſuſtaine,
He thought with wings to raiſe himſelfe aloft,
But with a ſtroke *Guy* brought him downe againe,
And ply'd him with the edge of ſteele ſo oft,
That downe he fell in durty blood berayd,
And forth his wide devouring Oven bray'd:

A flake

A flake of fire ſeem'd to iſſue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.
Now Fiend (quoth he) thou haſt thy recompence,
For all thy humane blood thy jawes have ſhed,
Upon a dart of this ſame broken Speare,
Thy filthy face unto the King Ile beare.

The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view
Of that ſame fearefull creature ſtrange of ſhape:
Admiring at his ugly forme of hiew,
With wonderment that mortall man could ſcape
Thoſe teeth and clawes, ſo dreadfull, ſharp and long,
Compos'd by Nature in a beaſt ſo ſtrong.

When they had fix'd the head upon a Speare,
And meaſur'd out the bodies length direct:
Unto the King at *Lincolne* they it beare,
Who *Guyes* returne with longing did expect.
God ſhield (quoth he) and ſave me from all evill:
Here is a face may well out-face the Divell.

What ſtaring eyes of burning glaſſe be thoſe,
That might (alive) two flaming Beacons ſeeme?
What ſcales of harneſſe arme that crooked noſe,
And teeth? none ſuch had *Cerberus* I deeme:
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there,
That being dead may make the living feare?

Victor

Victor'ous Knight, thy actions we admire,
And place thee highly in our Kingly love,
Throughout the ſpacious Orbe by Fame aſpire,
More lofty than the ſupreme Sphere doth move,
To the ſucceeding ages of this Land,
I will remember thy victorious hand.

Which ſhall be thus: the monſters picture, wrought
On cloth of Arras artificiall well,
And unto *Warwick* we will have it brought:
There to remaine, and after-ages tell,
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchleſſe ſtrength,
Deſtroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.

And place his head here on the Caſtle wall,
For memory, till yeeres doe ruine it:
And Nobles, make triumphant Feſtivall,
Affoord our Knight all honour doth befit.
Troy's Hector's dead, and can no more atchieve,
But *Englands Hector* ſtill remaines alive.

By this report (the onely Linguiſt living)
Had beene with *Phelice* for to make her glad:
Such fame and glory to her Lover giving,
As never greater any Worthy had,
Tells all the deeds of wonder he had done,
From the firſt action that his hand begun.

Phelice impatient of his wiſhed ſight,
Speeds towards *Lincolne*, like light *Salmacis*:
Where joyfully ſhe entertaines her Knight,
With *Junoes* kinde imbrace, and *Venus* kiſſe:
Guy with requitall makes his gladneſſe knowne,
And in his armes he now injoyes his owne.

Forgetfull Love, and too too ſlow (quoth ſhe)
I fear'd thou didſt not minde thy deareſt friend:
What, ſeeke a Dragon, e're thou looke for me?
And hazard life before thou come, or ſend
To know if I remaine in happy ſtate!
Some jealous woman would ſuppoſe 'twere hate.

But ſure I doe not, though I ſpeake my heart:
And wiſh I had beene firſt thou ſaw'ſt on ſhore:
Guy, welcome to thy *Phelice* now thou art,
Thou never ſhalt goe forth a fighting more.
No, thou haſt fought too much, thy lookes bewray,
Sterne countenance hath ſtolne thy ſmiles away.

But Love will learne thee (Love) to change thy face,
And frame it as at firſt when I did chuſe it:
Thou haſt almoſt forgotten to imbrace,
I like that well, it ſeemes thou didſt not uſe it
In forraigne parts abroad, where thou haſt bin,
But that loſt leſſon thou muſt new begin.

I will (quoth he) deare Love, and ply my Booke,
And kiſſe my leſſon on thy corall lip:
Tell me but onely when I am miſtooke,
In reading raſhly, if I over-skip,
Or be too negligent in taking paine,
Why, turne me back to conne my geare againe.

But Lady, one exception I will make,
What line ſoever you doe put me to,
The Horne-book of all other Ile forſake,
For willingly I would not have to doe
With that Croſſe-row, croſſe unto many, when
Women doe teach it unto married men.

Kinde Sir (quoth ſhe) content, Ile never chuſe it,
It fits two ſorts, a Curtezan, a Child:
Once, as the latter, ſimply I did uſe it,
But for the other, rather, be beguild,
Then to deceive, the ſecond Horne-book's naught:
Teach it not me, and it ſhall ne'r be taught.

Guy ſmil'd and ſaid, Come, let us *warwick* ſee,
Of all the World the place that I love beſt:
Becauſe it had the bringing up of thee,
And there firſt, with thy beauty I was bleſt,
I love the Caſtle and the Garden ground,
Where erſt thy *Venus*-face alone I found.

Let's

Let's haſten on to heare this Sacred voyce,
I Guy *take* Phelice *to my wedded wife:*
And thou repeate, *I likewiſe am thy choyce,*
Till death depart us, even ſo long as life:
And then the next will be, *God give us joy,*
And ſend thy Fathers Heire a gallant Boy.

The Marriage is ſolemnized,
But after forty dayes:
Guy Penance vowes, & Pilgrim-like,
From *England* goes his wayes.

Canto 10.

THe happy day (that Lovers long expect)
Is now obtain'd to give deſire reſt:
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,
He frank beſtowes to grace the wedding feaſt.
For *Athelſtone* and his renowned Queene
At this great Nuptiall in their pomp were ſeene.

The Nobles rich and coſtly in attire,
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beſide:
Ladies of Honour (as their loves require)
Attend upon the beauteous faire-fac'd Bride.
There wanted nothing (wit of man could finde)
To pleaſe the eye, or to content the minde.

Maskes, mid-night Revels, Tilt, and Turnament,
Acting of ancient Stories, ſtately ſhowes,
Banquets might give great *Jupiter* content,
Where Cups of *Nectar* plenteous over-flowes,
Abundant all things, with a plenteous hand,
As if a King himſelfe ſhould feaſt a Land.

Soone after all theſe things were conſummate,
Earle *Rohand* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dyes:
And to his Sonne bequeaths the whole eſtate,
Of Earledomes, Lordſhips: all his Land is *Guyes*,
Who is created Earle of *Warwick* then,
In Honours ranke, with *Englands* Noble-men.

But in the glory of his high applaud,
Enjoying all that did partake delight,
When every tongue his Fame and Fortunes laud,
Himſelfe converts his Sun-ſhine dayes to night,
Bethinking what the World may juſt be thought,
And deeming all but vaine that he had ſought.

Oft would he ſit and meditate alone,
In looking back what ſteps his youth had trod:
Then to himſelfe with ſighes and grievous grone,
Cry, pardon me, thou juſt incenſed God,
I have done nothing for to purchaſe grace,
But ſpend my time about a womans face.

For beauty, bloody through the world I ran,
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice* feature:
For beauty I have ended many a man,
Hating all other for one mortall creature.
For beauty I have pawn'd my utmoſt power,
But for my ſinnes not ſpent one weeping hower.

My *Nunquam ſera* I will now begin,
And vow to ſpend the remnant of my dayes,
In contrite Penance for my former ſin,
That God may pardon all the erring wayes,
Which fleſh and blood, vainely deceived by,
Unto the World I will goe learne to dye.

Let me be cenſur'd, even as mortals pleaſe,
Ile pleaſe my God in all things may be done:
Ambitious pride hath beene my youths diſeaſe,
Ile teach age meekneſſe, e're my Glaſſe be runne,
And change my choiſe: wealth, beauty, world farwell:
To purchaſe Heaven, I would paſſe through Hell.

Phelice perceives this melancholy ſtate,
And comming to him, doth moſt mildly woo:
My Lord (quoth ſhe) why are you chang'd of late?
As I ſhare joy, let me beare ſorrow too:
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,
I will with teares performe due recompence.

No my deare Love (quoth *Guy*) no cauſe in thee,
'Tis with my ſelfe I diſcontented ſtrive:
By light of Grace, my Natures faults I ſee,
That am as dead, although I ſeeme alive.
Phlice, my ſinnes, my countleſſe ſinnes appeare:
Crying, *Repent, thy guilty conſcience cleere.*

I muſt deale with thee, as *Bavarus* delt
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his wife,
Who (from a deep impreſſion he felt)
Vow'd chaſtity perpetuall all his life,
Entreating thee (even as thou lov'ſt my ſoule)
To pardon me, not urging by controule.

Haſt thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did
(A Chriſtian woman) ſometime *Englands* Queene;
Is *Edelthrudis* act of chaſte life hid,
A Princeſſe likewiſe rare and matchleſſe ſeene
The firſt with child, no more of luſt would taſte:
The ſecond caus'd two Husbands, both live chaſte.

And canſt not thou (the Phœnix of a Realme)
By imitation win immortall praiſe?
Leaving thy vertues an admired Theame
To the ſucceeding age of Iron dayes?
I know thou canſt, thy greater part's Divine:
Where moſt is carnall, 'twill to fleſh incline.

Thou

Thou didſt procure although I doe excuſe it)
My pride, by Conqueſts to attaine thy love:
God gave me Valour, I did vaine abuſe it,
My heart and thoughts aſpired farre above
The Crownes and Scepters of moſt potent Kings,
I held their Diadems inferiour things.

But now I gather in a totall ſumme,
Such follies, and condemne them all to dye:
A man of other faſhion Ile become,
Some better travailes for my ſoule to trye,
Not as before, in armour on my Steed:
But in a Gowne of gray, a Palmers Weed.

Obſcure my journey, for Ile take no leave,
But onely leave my endleſſe love to thee:
Here is my Ring, this memory receive,
And weare the ſame, to make thee think on me.
Let me have thine, which for thy ſake Ile keep,
Till death cloze up theſe eyes with his dead ſleep.

When this was ſpoke, how ſhe did wring her hands,
With ſighes and teares, may well be deemed much:
Yet wondrous meekely, nothing countermands,
For the devotion of that age was ſuch,
To hold them bleſſed, could themſelves retire
To ſolitude, and leave the worlds deſire.

Now

Now is the Princely clothing layd away,
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious Sun,
And his beſt habite, homely Country-gray,
Such as the poore plaine people tearme home-ſpun.
A Staffe, a Scrip, a Scallop-ſhell in's Hat,
Not to be knowne, not once admired at.

And thus with penſive heart, and dolefull teares,
He leaves the faireſt Creature *England* had:
Who in her face a map of ſorrow weares,
A countenance compos'd all mournefull, ſad,
Like unto one had baniſh'd all delight:
Wiſhing for ſlumbers of eternall night.

Guy journeyes towards the Sanctified ground,
Whereas ſometime the *Jewes* faire City ſtood,
In which our Saviours ſacred Head was crown'd,
And where for ſinfull man he ſhed his Blood:
To ſee the Sepulcher was his intent:
The Tombe that *Joſeph* unto *Jeſus* lent.

With tedious miles he tyr'd his weary feet,
And paſſed Deſart places, full of danger:
At laſt, with a moſt wofull wight did meet,
A man that unto ſorrow was no ſtranger.
For he had fifteene Sonnes made captive all
To ſlaviſh bondage, in extremeſt thrall.

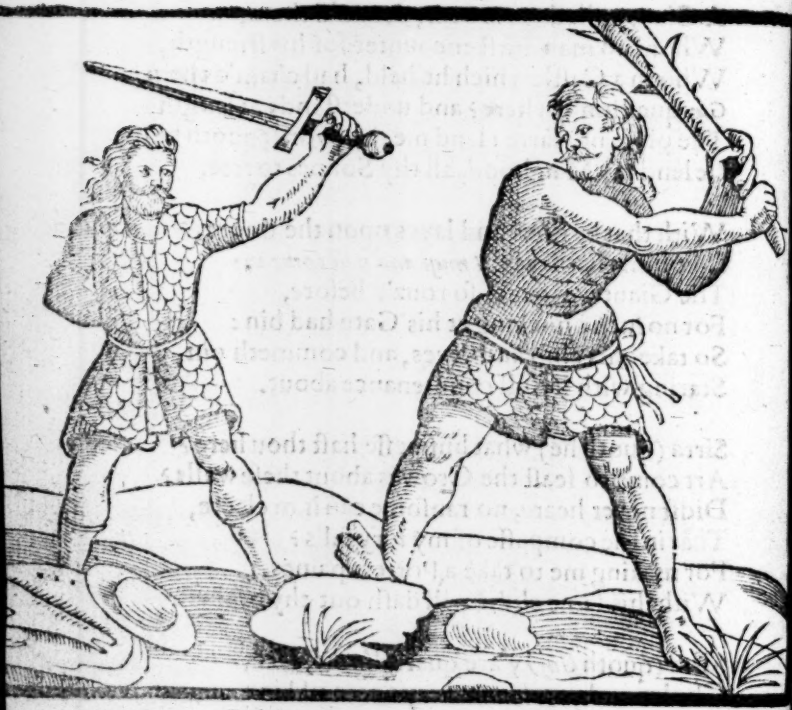
A Gyant

A Giant called *Amarant*, detain'd them,
Whom no man durſt encounter for his ſtrength,
Who in a Caſtle which he held, had chain'd them.
Guy queſtion'd where? and underſtands at length
The place not farre: lend me thy ſword (quoth he)
Ile lend my Man-hood, all thy Sonnes to free.

With that he goes and layes upon the doore,
Like him that ſayes, *I muſt and will come in:*
The Giant was never ſo rouz'd before,
For no ſuch knocking at his Gate had bin:
So takes his club and keyes, and commeth out,
Staring with ireſull countenance about.

Sirra (quoth he) what buſineſſe haſt thou here?
Art come to feaſt the Crowes about theſe walls?
Didſt never heare, no ranſome can him cleere,
That in the compaſſe of my fury falls?
For making me to take a Porters paines,
With this ſame club I will daſh out thy braines.

Sirra (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarrelſome, I ſee,
Choler and you ſeeme very neere of kin:
Dangerous at the club belike you be,
I have beene better arm'd, though now goe thin,
But ſhew thy utmoſt hate, enlarge thy ſpight:
Here is the weapon that muſt doe me right.



A Gyant called Amarant,
Guy *valiantly deſtroyes,*
Whereby wrong'd Ladyes, captive Knights,
Their libertie enjoyes.

So

So drawes his ſword, ſalutes him with the ſame
About the head, the ſhoulders and the ſide:
VVhile his erected club did death proclaime,
Standing with huge *Coloſſus* ſpacious ſtride,
Putting ſuch vigor to his knotty beame,
That like a furnace, he did ſmoke extreme.

But on the ground he ſpent his ſtrokes in vaine,
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them ſtill:
And ever e're he heav'd his club againe,
Did bruſh his plated coate againſt his will:
At ſuch advantage he would never faile,
To bang him ſoundly in his ſhirt of mayle.

At length through thirſt, *Amarant* feeble grew,
And ſaid to *Guy*, As th'art of humane race,
Shew it in this: give Natures wants their due,
Let me but goe and drinke in yonder place,
Thou canſt not yeeld unto a ſmaller thing,
Than grant life that is given by the Spring.

I grant thee leave (quoth *Guy*) goe drinke thy laſt,
To pledge the Dragon and the ſalvage Bore:
Succeed the Fragedies which they have paſt;
But never thinke to drinke cold water more.
Drinke deep to death, and after that carouſe,
Bid him receive thee in his earthen houſe.

So to the ſpring he goes and ſlakes his thirſt,
Taking the water in extremely, like
A wracked Ship that on ſome Rock is burſt,
When forced bulk againſt the ſtones doth ſtrike,
Scooping it in ſo faſt with both his hands,
That *Guy* admiring to behold it, ſtands.

Come on (quoth he) let us to worke againe,
Thou art about thy liquor over-long:
The Fiſh that in the River doe remaine,
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong,
But I will ſee their ſatisfaction made,
With Giants blood they muſt and ſhall be paid.

Villaine (quoth *Amarant*) Ile cruſh thee ſtraight:
Thy life ſhall pay thy daring tongues offence,
This club (which is about ſome hundred weight)
Is deaths commiſſion to diſpatch thee hence.
Dreſſe thee for Ravens dyet I muſt needs,
And breake thy bones as they were made of reeds.

Incenſed much by theſe bold Pagans boaſts,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill endure to heare,
He hewes upon thoſe bigge ſupporting poaſts,
That like two pillars did the body beare,
Amarant (for them wounds) in choller growes:
And deſp'ratly at *Guy* his club he throwes.

Which

Which did directly on his body light,
So violent and weighty therewithall,
That downe to ground on sudden came the Knight,
And e're he could recover from the fall,
The Giant got the club againe in's fist,
And strooke a stroke that wonderfully mist.

Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falshood Ile repay,
This coward act, to intercept my blood.
Sayes *Amarant*, Ile murther any way,
With enemies all vantages are good.
Oh could I poyson in thy nostrils blowe:
Thou should'st be sure I would dispatch thee so.

'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appeare,
Within that beastly bulk doe Divels dwell:
Which are thy tenants while thou liv'st here,
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in Hell.
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den,
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
For flaming *Phœbus* with his firy eye,
Torments me so with burning heat, I thinke
My thirst would serve to drinke an Ocean dry.
Forbeare a little as I dealt with thee:
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no foole of me.

No, ſilly wretch, my Father taught more wit,
How I ſhould uſe ſuch enemies as thou:
By all my gods I doe rejoyce at it,
To underſtand that thirſt conſtraines thee bow,
For all the treaſure that the world containes,
One drop of water ſhall not coole thy veines.

Relieve my foe? why, 'twere a mad mans part:
Refreſh an adverſary to my wrong?
If thou imagine this, a child thou art.
No fellow, I have knowne the world too long,
To be ſo ſimple; now I know thy want,
A minutes ſpace of breathing Ile not grant.

And with theſe words, heaving aloft his club
Into the ayre, he ſwings the ſame about:
Then ſhakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did ſtrout.
Sirra (ſaid he) I have you at a lift:
You now are come unto your lateſt ſhift.

Periſh for ever with this ſtroke I ſend thee,
(A medicine will doe thy thirſt much good)
Take no more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then wee'l have carouſes of thy blood.
Here's at thee, with a Butchers downe-right blow,
To pleaſe my fury with thine overthrow.

Inſer-

Infernall, falſe, obdurate fiend *(Guy* ſaid)
That ſeem'ſt a lumpe of cruelty from Hell:
Ingratefull monſter, ſince thou haſt denay'd
The thing to me wherein I us'd thee well:
With more revenge than e're my ſword did make,
On thy accurſed head revenge Ile take.

Thy Giants longitude ſhall ſhorter ſhrinke,
Except thy Sun-ſcorcht ſkin be weapon-proofe.
Farewell my thirſt, I doe diſdaine to drinke,
Streames, keep your water to your owne behoofe,
Or let wild beaſts be welcome thereunto,
With theſe pearle drops I will not have to doe.

Hold, Tyrant, take a taſte of my good will,
For thus I doe begin my bloody bout:
You cannot chuſe but like the greeting ill,
It is not that ſame club will beare you out.
And take this payment on thy ſhaggy crowne:
A blow that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then *Guy* ſet foot upon the Monſters breſt,
And from his ſhoulders did his head divide:
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unbleſt,
No Dragons jawes were ever ſeene more wide,
To open and to ſhut, till life was ſpent:
So *Guy* tooke's keyes, and to the Caſtle went:

Where

Where many wofull captives he did find,
That had beene tyred with extremities:
VVhom he in friendly manner did unbind,
And reaſon'd with them of their miſeries.
Each told a tale with teares, and ſighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender Ladies in darke dungeon lay,
That were ſurprized in the deſart wood:
And had no other dyet every day,
Than fleſh of humane creatures for their food,
Some with their Lovers bodies had beene fed,
And in their wombs their Husbands buried.

Now he bethinks him of comming there,
T'inlarge the wronged Brethren from their woes,
And as he ſearcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which ſad ſounds direction, on he goes
Untill he findes a darkſome obſcure Gate,
Arm'd ſtrongly over all with Iron plate.

That he unlocks and enters, where appeares
The ſtrangeſt object that he ever ſaw;
Men that with famiſhment of many yeeres,
VVere like deaths picture which the Painters draw,
Divers of them were hanged by each thumbe,
Others head-downe-ward, by the middle ſome.

VVith

With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With liberty their thraldome to acquaint:
Then (the perplexed Knight) their Father calls,
And sayes, Receive thy Sons, though poore & faint,
I promist you their lives, accept of that:
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The Castle I doe give thee: here's the Keyes,
Where tyranny for many yeeres did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease,
For pitty-sake, use wronged Women well.
Men easly may revenge the deeds men doe,
But poore weake women have no strength thereto.

The good old man even over-joy'd with this,
Fell on the ground, and would have kist *Guyes* feet,
Father (quoth he) refraine so base a kisse,
For Age to honour Youth, I hold unmeet.
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

Guy on his journey doth proceed,
With painefull Pilgrim life:
While *Warwick* Counteſſe lives in
a chaſte and loyall Wife. (teares,

CANTO II.

BEhold the man that ſought contentions out,
Whoſe recreation was in angry armes,
And for his *Venus* rang'd the World about,
To finde out dreadfull Combats, fierce Allarmes,
From former diſpoſition alienate:
Shuns all occaſions may procure debate.

In his owne wrongs, by vow he will not ſtrike,
Let injury impoſe what ſtrife can doe:
Abuſes ſhall not force him to diſlike,
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto,
And taken Patience by the hand for's guide,
To leade his thoughts where Meekeneſſe doth abide.

No worldly joy can give his minde content,
Delights are gone, as they had never beene:
His onely care is how he may repent
His ſpending Youth about the ſerving ſinne,
And faſhion Age, to looke like contrite ſorrow:
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His

His lookes were ſad, complexion pale and wan,
His dyet of the meaneſt, hard and ſpare:
His life he led, like a Religious man,
His habit poore and homely, thin and bare:
His Dignities and Honours were forgot:
His *Warwick* Earledome he regarded not.

Sometime he would goe ſearch into a Grave,
And there finde out a rotten dead-mans Scull,
And with the ſame a conference would have,
Examining each Vanity at full,
And then himſelfe would anſwer for the Head,
His owne objections in the dead-mans ſtead.

If thou haſt bin ſome Monarch, where's thy Crowne?
Or who in feare of thy ſterne lookes doe ſtand?
Death hath made conqueſt of my great renowne,
My golden Scepter, in a fleſhly hand,
Is taken from me by another King,
And I in duſt am made a rotten thing.

Haſt thou beene ſome great Counſailer of State,
Whoſe potent wit did rule a mighty Realme?
Where is the policy thou hadſt of late?
Conſum'd and gone, even like an idle Dreame.
I have not ſo much wit, as will ſuffice,
To kill the Wormes that in my Coffin lies.

Perhaps thou waſt ſome beautious Ladies face,
For whõ right ſtrange adventures have bin wrought,
Even ſuch, as (when it was my loving caſe)
For my deare kindeſt *Phelice* I have fought.
Perhaps about this Scull there was a skin,
Fairer than *Hellens* was incloſed in.

And on this Scalp, ſo wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Were Natures ornaments, ſuch locks of haire
As might in luce the eye to deeme them gold,
And Chriſtall Eyne to theſe two hollow caves:
And here ſuch lips, as Love for kiſſing craves.

But where's the ſubſtance of this Beauty ſpent,
So lovely, precious in the ſight of men?
With powerfull death, unto the duſt it went,
Grew loth-ſome, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a Picture of it doth remaine:
To tell the wiſe, All Beauty is but vaine.

Such memories he often would preferre,
Of mortall frailty, and the force of death:
To teach the fleſh how apt it is to erre,
And poaſt repentance off till lateſt breath:
Thus would he in the World contempt reprove
All that ſeduc'd the ſoule from Heavenly love.

Now

Now for a while reverſe your view of woe,
For one ſad ſubject, to behold another:
To ſee new ſorrow, back to *England* goe,
And to long abſent yeeres commit the other.
Leave dolefull *Guy*, to aged griefe and cares:
And looke on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares.

Like to a Widdow, all in black attire,
She doth expreſſe her inward dolefull minde,
A Chamber priſon is her chiefe deſire,
Where ſhe to paſſions wholly is inclin'd.
She that of late was pride of Engliſh Court,
With Majeſty no longer will conſort,

But lives a life, like one deſpis'd lifes being,
And every day unto the world did die:
With Judgements eyes, farre into folly ſeeing,
And noting well how faſt falſe pleaſures flie:
Leaving for ev'ry taſte of vaine delight,
A greater heap of cares, than Pen can write.

Her thoughts ran after her departed Lord,
And travail'd in conceit more faſt than he:
What place (quoth ſhe) can reſt to me afford,
That Pilgrim-like, hath thus forſaken me?
Oh ſad laments! my ſoule your burthen beares,
To thinke, deare *Guy* remembers me in teares.

Me thinkes he ſits now by a River ſide,
And ſwels the water with his weeping eyes:
Me thinks that *Phelice*, *Phelice*, lowd he cry'd,
And charged Ecc ho beare it through the Skies.
Then riſing up, he runnes with might and maine,
Saying, Sweet Eccho, bring my Love againe.

Then comes he to a *Cypreſſe* Tree, and ſajes,
Silvanus, this was once the lovely Boy,
Whom thou for feature to the Clouds didſt praiſe,
But here's thy ſenceleſſe and transformed joy,
'Tis nothing now but boughes, and leaves, and Tree,
And made to wither, as all beauties bee.

And then me thinkes he ſits him ſadly downe,
And on his bending knees his elbow ſtayes,
With head in hand, ſaying, Farewell Renowne,
Vaniſh vaine pleaſures of my youthfull daies.
My true repentance doe you all diſplace,
A happy end brings ſinfull ſoules to Grace.

Ah worthy man, that thus canſt mortifie
The rebell Fleſh, to conquer *Adams* Nature!
And for the gaining of Eternity,
Doſt live on Earth, as if no earthly Creature:
Dead and alive; ôld and new borne againe,
True valiant *George*, that hath the Divell ſlaine.

As

As thy advice was when thou didſt depart,
That I ſhould live a Veſtall Virgins life,
Although when I was Maid (by Lovers Art)
Thou didſt perſwade me to become a Wife:
I vow by Heavens, and all the powers Divine,
To keepe my thoughts, as conſtant, chaſte as thine.

My beauty I will blemiſh all I may,
With teares and ſighes, and dolefull lamentation:
By abſtinence I will attaine the way
To overcome the force of ſinnes temptation.
This ſentence I have often read, and ſeene:
A Womans Chaſtity, is Vertues Queene.

Ceres and *Bacchus* I will carefull ſhun,
Foes to *Diana*, friends to *Venus* ever:
Unto licentious life they teach us runne,
And with ſobriety aſſociate never.
Spare dyet ſhall become my daily fare,
The ſoule thrives beſt to keep the body bare.

The Courtly Ornaments I wore of late,
In honour of King *Athelſtones* faire Queene,
Even all thoſe Jewels, and thoſe Robes of State,
Wherein ſo often I was glorious ſeene,
Shall with their price and value now ſupply
Thoſe naked poore that in the ſtreets doe lie.

The

The Gold and Silver that I doe poſſeſſe,
About good Workes, ſhall all imployed be:
The purchaſe of eternall happineſſe,
Is of all wealth moſt precious unto me,
All that in want to *Warwick* Caſtle come,
And crave reliefe; I will affoord them ſome.

For hault and lame, and blind, I will provide
Some Hoſpitall, with Land to be maintain'd:
For Widdowes, and poore Father-leſſe beſide,
That their neceſſities may be ſuſtain'd.
For young beginners their eſtate to raiſe:
And for repayring of decay'd High-wayes.

This I account to be the Heavenly thrift,
Lay up your treaſure where it cannot ruſt:
And give the riches, we receive by gift,
As each good Steward is injoyn'd he muſt,
That after this ſhort ſtinted life's decay,
We may have life, and ever-laſting day.

Rejected world, thus doe I take my leave
With thee, and all things thou doſt moſt eſteeme:
Thy ſhowes are ſnares, and all thy hopes deceive,
Thy goodneſſe is but onely good to ſeeme.
Of thy falſe pleaſures I as much have ſeene,
As ſhe that beares the title of a Queene.

Oh

Oh that I were in ſuch unknowne diſguiſe,
(Attending on my *Guy*, where e're he be)
As once the kinde *Sulpitia* did deviſe,
Her *Lentulus* in baniſhment to ſee!
Or *Hipſicrata*-like in mans attire,
Following her exil'd King, through loves deſire.

'Twould ſomething eaſe my ſorrow-wounded heart,
So to divide the burthen of unreſt:
For where affliction takes afflictions part
In hard extremes, ſome comfort is expreſt.
Miſery is more eaſie to abide,
When friends with friends their croſſes doe divide.

But all in vaine I wiſh, would God I were,
Or thus, or thus, it nought availes my woe:
Though ſtarving thought do wander here and there,
My poore weake body knowes not where to goe.
Unto the Holy-Land I heard him ſay,
God ſend me thither at my dying day.

I will about my Vowes, and ſee them paide,
To doe the good that Charity requires:
When grace, to workes of vertue does perſwade,
'Tis bleſſedneſſe to further ſuch deſires.
And while on earth I doe a ſinner dwell,
Ile ſtrive to pleaſe my God with living well.

In this reſolve, that life ſhe entertaines,
Performing all the courſe ſhe had propounded,
And ſuch ſeverity therein explaines,
Her ſexe with wonder reſts amaz'd, confounded,
To ſee ſo rare a Beauty, rich, high-borne,
Hold all worlds pleaſure in contempt and ſcorne.

For no perſwading friend that ſhe would heare,
Which motion'd company, or recreation,
Unto their ſpeech ſhe would not lend an eare,
That ſought to alter her determination:
But ſuch as came, and of compaſſion ſpake,
She did relieve for bleſſed *Jeſus* ſake.

Her wandring Lord from Land to Land repaires,
To ſeeke out places Pilgrims doe frequent:
By carefull yeeres, turn'd into ſilver haires,
Exceeding chang'd with griefe and languiſhment:
(For ſorrow gives a man more ancient looke,
Than elder time, which leſſer cares have tooke.)

His old acquaintance in thoſe forraigne parts,
That had before moſt worthy actions ſeene,
Right bold adventures of his long deſerts,
Had loſt Sir *Guy*, as he had never beene.
Thoſe that in armour knew his martiall face,
Did not expect him in a Friers caſe.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt to whom he had beene knowne,
He met Earle *Terry* baniſh'd to exile:
Each unto other being ſtrangers growne,
Through ſorrow, which the ſences doth beguile,
They had forgot that e're they ſaw each other,
Yet *Guy* was *Terryes*, *Terry Guyes* ſworne Brother.

Having related how their travels grew,
One's voluntary, t'others by conſtraint:
In taking leave with courteſies adew,
Oh Engliſh-man (ſaid *Terry* ſighing faint)
I had a friend, a Country-man of thine,
Was Juſtice Champion to great wrongs of mine:

Tyranny to the face he durſt defie,
And ſtampe his foot upon oppreſſions neck:
Tell me, deare friend, haſt thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to helpe, a ſword to check?
I have (quoth he) and knowne him many yeeres:
Guy Warwicks Earle, is one of *Englands* Peeres.

What is thy Name? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by Birth, than Fortunes make me ſeeme.
Terry (ſaid he) I vow to doe thee right
In what I may, my poore good-will eſteeme.
To humane thoughts my Nature doth agree,
Thou lov'ſt my friend, I muſt of force love thee.

Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,
Ile take thy part, as farre as ſtrength extends:
If *Gay* himſelfe were here to joyne with us,
He could but ſay, *Ile venture life with friends.*
And be aſſured, though I ſimple be,
I oft have had as good ſucceſſe as he.

Terry with loving thankes his love requites,
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,
And valiant with the adverſe Champion fights,
'Till mortall wounded, at his feet he dies:
Yet 'twas a man ſuppos'd of matchleſſe worth,
That for that Combat they had ſingled forth.

When this was done, the Earle demands his name?
Pardon (quoth he) that were againſt a vow:
To no man living Ile reveale the ſame,
For I have changed name and nature now:
Natures corruption I doe ſtrive to leave,
A new Regeneration to receive.

Farewell my friend, even as my ſoule would fare,
If we ne'r meet on earth, Heaven be the place:
For idle houres I have no time to ſpare,
My haires looke gray, they turne to white apace,
I have great loſſe in ſhort time to redeeme,
A minutes ſorrow is of much eſteeme.

So

So he departs towards *Judea* ground,
Samaria, and *Galile*, to ſee
Thoſe parts by Chriſtian Pilgrims ſo renown'd,
Becauſe their Saviours choiſe was there to be:
Where he did ſuffer to redeeme our loſſe:
Even from the Cratch unto the bloody Croſſe.

Much time he ſpends, and many yeeres beſtowes,
From place to place, about this Holy-Land:
That all his friends in *England* doe ſuppoſe,
Now Death of him had got the upper-hand.
For no report came, that e're coul I relate
His life, his being, or his preſent ſtate.

This put the world to ſilence, men were mute,
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to ſay:
The dreadfull Champion in the armed ſuite
Was neither knowne nor fear'd in ſimple Gray,
But did endeavour all that e're he might,
Never to be reveal'd to any wight.

For unto none he would his name diſcloſe,
Nor tell direct what Country-man he was:
Nor of his Noble minde make any ſhowes,
But ſtrive in all things moſt obſcure to paſſe,
Untill by native love his minde was led,
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

Guy after many yeeres comes home,
To *England* for his Grave:
Kils *Colbrond* that great Giant, and
Dies poorely in a Cave.

Canto 12.

EVen as the brighteſt glorious ſhining Day,
Will have a night of darkneſſe to ſucceed:
Which takes the pride of *Phœbus* quite away,
And makes the Earth to mourne in ſable weed,
Preſenting us with drowzy heavie ſleepe,
Deaths memory in carefull thoughts to keepe:

So Youth, the day of Natures ſtrength and beauty,
Which hath a ſplendor like faire Heavens eye,
Muſt yeeld to Age, by a ſubmiſſive duty,
And grow ſo darke, that life of force muſt die.
When length of yeeres brings ancient evening on,
Irrevocable time is poſting gone.

This cogitation in *Guyes* breſt appeares,
By his returning from the Holy-Land:
He findes himſelfe to be a man in yeeres,
And that his Glaſſe had but a little ſand
To runne, before his date of life expire,
Therefore to *England* he doth back retire:

There

There to be buried, where he had beene borne,
Was all the cauſe that did induce him back:
To end his evening where he had his morne,
In dolefull colours of a Dead-mans black,
And let that body reſt in Engliſh ground, (found.
Which through the World no reſting place had

When he arrived on his Native ſhore,
He found the Country in extreme diſtreſſe:
For through the Kingdome armed troopes great
Againſt the Foe were all in readineſſe. (ſtore,
The King of *Denmark*, whoſe deſtroying hand
A mighty Army did ſecurely land,

And marched from the Coaſt with devaſtation,
Deſtroying Townes, Villages ſet on fire:
Working ſuch terrour unto all the Nation,
King *Athelſtone* was forced to retire
To *Winchester*: which when the Danes once knew,
Towards that City all their ſtrength they drew,

Which was too ſtrong for Speare and ſhield to win,
(Invincible our walls of Stone were then)
They wanted Cannon-keyes to let them in,
Hells Pick-lock powder was unknowne to men.
The Divell had not taught ſuch mutthering ſmoke:
A Souldiers honour was his manly ſtroke.

Behold.

Beholding now how they repulſed were,
That *Winchester* by no meanes could be wonne:
They doe conclude to ſummon parley there,
And with a challenge have all quarrels done.
An Engliſhman to combate with a Dane,
And that King loſe, that had his Champion ſlaine.

Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appeare,
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept?
Saying, If one dare come and meet me here,
That hath true valour for his Country kept,
Let him come forth his man-hood to diſcloſe,
Or elſe the Engliſh are but coward Foes.

Why very Cravens, on their Dunghils dare
Both crow and ſtrike, before they runne and cry.
Is Engliſh courage now become ſo rare,
That none will fight, becauſe they feare to die?
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fooles,
Affraid to looke on manly martiall tooles.

What ſlaunders I have heard in forraigne Lands,
Of theſe poore men for deeds which they have done,
Moſt falſe they are, belyed of their hands,
But he ſaies true, that ſayes their feet can runne,
They have a Proverb to inſtruct them in,
That 'tis good ſleeping in a ſound whole ſkin.

Thus

Thus did he vaunt, in tearmes of proud diſdaine,
And threw his Gantlet downe, ſaying, There's my
At length great *Guy* no longer could refraine, (Glove:
Seeing all ſtraine courtſie to expreſſe their love,
But comes unto the King, and ſaies, Dread Lord,
This Combate to thy unknowne Knight afford.

Although in ſimple habit I am hid,
Yeelding no ſhow of that I undertake,
I ne'r attempted ought but what I did,
An end of *Colbrond* (on my ſoule) Ile make.
Palmer (quoth *Athelſtone*) I like thy ſprite:
God ſent thee hither, and he ayde thee right.

His powerfull hand lend vigor to thy blowes,
And grant thy foote upon thy Foe to tread.
Amen (quoth *Guy*) and with great courage goes,
Forth *Wincheſters* North-gate, unto *Hide-mead*,
Where that ſame Monſter of a man he found,
Treading at every ſtep two yards of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou he,
On whom the King will venter *Englands* Crowne?
Can he not finde a fitter match for me,
Then this poore Raſcall in a thred-bare Gowne?
Where's all his Knight, & wot thy Champions now?
I doe diſdaine ſo baſe a ſlave as thou.



GIANT *fights to free all* England's *feares,*
With Colbrond *Giant Dane:*
A Champion Hidesman hot Winchester,
Who that Goliah *ſlaine.*

Giant (said *Guy*) Man-hood ſhould never faile,
To breathe the aire with blaſts of idle winde:
A Souldiers weapon beſt can tell his tale,
Thy deſtiny upon my Sword I finde:
'Twill let thee blood while thou haſt drops to bleed,
And ſpell thy death for all the Danes to read.

Thus I begin, and on his Armour laide,
That *Colbronds* coate was never cudgel'd ſo:
Who with his Club did watch to meet his blade,
Intending to have broken it with a blow,
But *Guy* was ſure his Sword would hold out play,
It had beene truſty many a cruell fray.

And therefore boldly he preſumes thereon,
Laying about, as faſt as he could drive,
Untill the Lubbers breath was almoſt gone,
(For with a waighty Club did *Colbrond* ſtrive)
Which lighting on the ground, made earth give (way
As if ſome Divell did about him lay.

So long they held this ſterne and irefull fight,
That the Beholders knew not what to deeme:
Yet ſtill ſome wounds to *Colbronds* ſhare did light,
Which to the Engliſh did great comfort ſeeme.
Beſides, their Champion gave encouragement,
By active carriage, danger to prevent.

Quoth *Colbrond*, Engliſhman, wilt thou forbeare,
And ſue for mercy, let the Fight alone?
Villaine (quoth *Guy*) I ſcorne thy Coward feare,
Ile have thy life, or it ſhall coſt mine owne,
We'll never part, till one be foundly ſped:
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head.

For twenty Denmarks (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the Ocean ſwimmes,
I will not yeeld an inch of Engliſh ground,
Thou ſhalt finde mettle in theſe aged limmes,
Although thy bodie, height be more than mine,
I have a heart bigger by odds than thine.

Think on thy ancient Grand-ſire *Gogmagog*,
Whom *Corineus* dealt withall at *Dover*,
How that ſame Lubber, like a Timber-log,
Was by the worthy Brittaine tumbled over,
For his bold Challenge he had ſuch a check,
There was no Surgion could amend his neck.

Thou art deceiv'd in me, poore ſilly Sot,
I am untaught to bend ſubmiſſions knees,
Hold me no Chriſtian if I faile a jot,
(And for the world that title Ile not leeſe)
Betake thee to thy tooles, honour thy King,
Upon thy Man-hood lies a mighty thing.

And

And thus I doe incounter thee afresh.
With that he lent him such a powerfull stroke,
It made wide rupture in the Giants flesh,
And did his furious choller much provoke,
Laying about him in most cruell rage,
'Till the next wound did all his heate asswage.

It was so mortall, that it brought him downe,
To lie and grone upon the bloody ground.
Forthwith a showte was heard from out the Towne,
That all the Skie did Eccho to the sound,
Great joy was made by every English heart,
And all the Danes with extreme griefe depart.

King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,
To doe him honour for his famous deed,
Who was received by the Clergie-men,
With all solemnitie, for such high meed,
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd
With Martiall Musick, Drum and Trumpets sound.

But little pleasure *Guy* conceives herein,
Refusing Jewels, costly Ornaments,
Saying, With these he out of love hath beene
For many yeeres, by true experiments:
Onely, thank God that blest him with an houre,
To free his Country from invading power.

And ſo intreats that he may paſſe unknowne,
To live where poverty regards not wealth:
And be beholden to the helpe of none,
Seeing the world but now and then by ſtealth:
For true Content doth ſuch a Treaſure bring,
It makes the Begger richer than the King.

With true Content (ſaith he) I will abide,
In homely Cottage, free from all reſort,
But I have found, Content cannot be ſpide,
To make abode within a Monarchs Court;
No, there's ambition, pride, and envie ſeene,
And fawning flattery ſtepping ſtill betweene.

Yet gentle Palmer (ſaid the King) agree,
Where-ever thou reſolveſt to remaine:
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,
And this is all thy Soveraigne will obtaine,
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceale it:
As I am *Englands* King, Ile not reveale it.

Why then (quoth he) your Grace ſhall underſtand,
I am your Subject, *Guy* of *Warwick* named,
That have theſe many yeeres not ſeene your Land,
But beene where Youth by ancient Age is tamed.
Yea, where experience taught me wit (dread Prince)
The World of many follies to convince:

And now am come to bring my bones to Grave,
Within the Kingdome where I firſt tooke life:
Yet ſhall no Creature elſe the notice have
Of my arrivall, not my deareſt Wife,
Till ſickneſſe come, and doth my death foretell,
Then Ile acquaint her with my laſt farewell.

The King with joy embrac'd him in his armes;
And with great admiration anſwers thus:
Moſt worthy Earle, freer of *Englands* harmes,
It grieves my ſoule thou wilt not live with us.
Oh were thy reſolutions, thoughts but now,
That my perſwaſions might prevent thy vow.

But 'tis too late, they are growne ripe, I ſee,
Thou art too ſettled in determination:
Well, Honourable man, yet this joyes me,
Thou bring'ſt thy bones unto thy deareſt Nation,
Where Monuments of thy great deeds ſhall laſt,
'Till after-Ages of the world be paſt.

In *Warwick* Caſtle ſhall thy Sword be kept,
To witneſſe to the world what thou haſt beene:
And leſt forgetfull time ſhould intercept,
A Preſident I preſent will begin,
The Caſtle-keeper ſhall receive a Fee,
To keepe thy Sword in memory of thee.

Thy

Thy Armour likewiſe, and the martiall Speare,
That did thee ſervice in thy high deſignes,
Shall be preſerved very carefull there,
That all ſuch men as have diſtruſtfull mindes,
May think (if from a truth this did not grow)
A King would ſcorne to coozen people ſo.

And in thy Chappell (diſtant thence a mile)
A Bone ſhall hang of that ſame cruell Beaſt,
Which neere to *Coventry* remain'd long while,
Whoſe Rib by meaſure is ſixe foot at leaſt.
Deſtroying many that did paſſe that way,
Untill thy Man-hood did the Salvage ſlay:

That by tradition men may ſpeak and tell,
This was *Guyes* Armour, this his maſſie blade, (quell,
Theſe bones of murthering Beaſts which men did
And this the Tombe wherein his corps was laide,
This the true Picture of his ſhape at length,
And this the Speare did oft expreſſe his ſtrength.

For ſure I hold it an ungratefull thing,
(When thou by Natures courſe in duſt ſhalt lie)
No Memory ſhall cauſe ſome Muſe to ſing
The worthineſſe of matchleſſe Engliſh *Guy*.
Thy Country-men would prove too farre unkinde,
When out of ſight, they leave thee out of minde.

This

This said, in humble duty (wondrous meeke)
Guy reverenceth the King, and so departs,
Some solitary Den or Cave to seeke,
Which he unto his mansion house converts:
And so lives poorely in the hollow ground,
Making his meate of rootes and hearbs he found.

Sometimes he would to *Warwick* Castle goe,
And crave an Almes at his deare Ladies hand:
Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty show,
Than any Noble Woman in the Land:
And she would aske all Palmers that came there,
If at the Holy-Land they never were?

Or in their travels if they had not seene
An English-man, was Lord of that same Tower?
Who many yeeres away from thence had beene,
A Knight ne'r conquer'd yet by humane power,
But there's a Tyrant whom I onely feare,
They call him *Death*, that murthers every where.

If he have met him, (O my deareſt Lord)
I never shall behold thy face againe,
'Till that same Monster doe as much afford
Unto my heart, and so releaſe all paine.
Which gracious Heavens grant, if *Guy* be dead,
Upon this earth let me no longer tread.

Thus did he often heare his wife enquire, (flowing,
With deepe complaints from extreme paſſions
Yet by no meanes would grant her kinde deſire,
The comfort of a hopefull word beſtowing,
But looke upon her as his heart would breake,
Then turne away for feare his tongue would ſpeake:

And ſo depart with weeping to his Cell,
Setting a Dead-mans Head before his eyes:
Saying, With thee, I ſhortly come to dwell,
This ſinfull fleſh I conſtantly deſpiſe,
My ſoule is weary of ſo bad a Gueſt:
And doth deſire to be at home in reſt.

My feeble limbes, weakeneſſe doth ſore poſſeſſe,
And ſickneſſe gripes doe touch about my heart,
I feele I am not farre from happineſſe,
But am in hope my Foe and I ſhall part,
This adverſary which I long have fed,
By whom my ſoule hath beene ſo much miſſe-led.

To my deare *Phelice* I will ſend my Ring,
Which I did promiſe for her ſake to keepe:
I may no longer time deferre the thing,
For feare that Death prevent me with his ſleepe.
I feele his Meſſenger approach apace,
And poore weake Nature muſt of force give place.

So

So call'd a Heardſ-man as he paſſed by,
And ſaid, Good friend, doe me a ſpeciall favour:
Even in a matter that concernes me nye,
(My hope relyes upon thy kinde behaviour,)
To *Warwick* Caſtle ſpeedily repaire,
And for the Counteſſe aske with truſty care.

Deliver thou this Ring to her owne hand,
And ſay, The ancient Pilgrim ſent the ſame,
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did ſtand,
To beg an Almes in bleſſed Jeſus Name,
And if ſhe aske thee where I doe remaine?
Direct her hither, ſhe'll requite thy paine.

Sir (quoth the Heardſ-man) I ſhall be aſham'd,
That ne'r durſt ſpeak to Lady in my life:
Nay more and't pleaſe you, I may much be blam'd,
To carry Rings to ſuch a great mans Wife.
Beſides, if I ſhould loſe it by the way,
Why what would you, and Madam *Phelice* ſay?

Pre-thee (ſaid *Guy*) frame not ſuch idle doubt,
No prejudice can light on thee at all:
The act is honeſt which thou go'ſt about,
And for it none can thee in queſtion call.
A courteous eare the Lady will thee lend,
Upon my warrant feare you nothing, friend.

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes
The token to the Counteſſe, which ſhe ſeeing,
Moſt admirable wonder at it makes!
Ah friend (quoth ſhe) where is my Husbands being?
Husband (ſaith he) that newes I doe not bring,
From an old Begger I receiv'd the Ring.

His Houſe was made of neither Wood nor Stone,
But under ground into a hole he went:
And in my conſcience there he dwels alone,
And never payes his Land-lord quarters Rent.
Ah 'tis my *Guy* (ſhe ſaid) ſhew me his Cell,
And for thy paines I will reward thee well.

So he directs *Warwicks* faire Counteſſe thither,
Who entring in that melancholy place,
Her Lord and ſhe imbracing, weepe together,
Unable to pronounce a word long ſpace:
Long time they two had not a tongue to ſpeak,
Till *Guyes* diſcretion ſorrowes doore did break.

Phelice (quoth he) now take thy leave of *Guy*,
That ſent to ſee thee e're his ſight decay:
Within thy armes I doe intreat to die,
And breathe my ſprite from thy ſweet ſoule away.
Thou gav'ſt me Almes at *Warwick* Caſtle late:
'Tis bleſſednesſe to pitty poore mens ſtate.

Guy



Guy *in repentance poorely lives,*
Obscurely in a Cave:
Reveal'd to Phelice *by a Ring,*
When Death had digg'd his Grave.

Looke not ſo ſtrange, bewaile not ſo, my Deare,
Ah weepe not, Love, I doe not want thy teares:
I have ſhed plenty ſince my comming here,
Of true remorſe, my conſcience witneſſe beares.
Thou weep'ſt not now, becauſe I wept no more,
But to behold me friendleſſe, helpleſſe, poore.

Wife, I have ſought the place that all deſire,
Though few endeavour for eternall Reſt:
The ſoule which to that Haven doth aſpire,
Muſt leave the world, and worldly things deteſt,
'Tis full of Divels that on ſoules doe waite,
And full of ſnares: in every place ſome baite.

Ah *Phelice*, I have ſpent (and then he wept)
Youth, (Natures Day) upon the love of thee:
And for my God, old rotten Age have kept,
The Night of Nature, *Chriſt forgive it me*:
Sorrow lyes heavie on my ſoule for this:
Sweet Saviour Chriſt, pardon my amiſſe.

In that I had deſtroy'd ſo many men,
Even for one Woman, to injoy thy love:
Therefore in this moſt ſolitary Den,
I ſought my peace with that great God above,
'Gainſt whom by ſinne I have beene more miſſe-led,
Than there be haires upon my hoary head.

His Will.

The other day, feeling my body ill,
And all the parts thereof oppreſt with paine,
I did compoſe a Teſtament and Will,
To be the laſt that ever I ordaine.
Loe here it is, Ile read it if I can,
Before I ceaſe to bee a living man.

HIS WILL.

EVen in the Name of him whoſe mighty power
Created all, in Heaven and Earth contained,
As one to dye; this very inſtant hower,
I leave the world and all therein unfained.
My ſoule I give to him that gave it me.
Receive it, Ieſus, as I truſt in thee.
I owe a debt of life, is due to Death,
And when 'tis paide him, he can aske no more:
A very vapour of a little breath,
Would he had had it many yeeres before:
But here's my comfort, if he come or ſtay,
'Tis ready for him (if he will) to day.
I owe the World the ſtock of wealth it lent,
When I did enter trafficque with the ſame:
Leſſe would have given Nature more content,
'Tis happineſſe to want a rich mans name.
World, leave me naked as I did begin,
I aske but one poore Sheete to wrap me in.
I doe bequeath more ſinnes than I can number,
My daily evils in a countleſſe ſumme:
Even from my Cradle, unto Deaths dead ſlumber,
Thoſe paſt, theſe preſent, all that are to come,
To him that made them, loads to burthen me,
Satan, receive them, for they came from thee.
I give good thoughts and ev'ry vertuous deed,
That ever Grace hath guided me unto,
To him from whom all goodneſſe doth proceed,
For onely, evill Nature taught me doe.
I was conceived, bred and borne in ſinne,
And all my life moſt vile and vaine hath beene.

I give

His Will.

I give to ſorrow all my ſighes and eryes,
Fetcht from the bottome of a bleeding heart:
I give repentance teares and watery eyes,
The ſignes unfained of a true Convert.
Earth yeeld a Grave, or Sea become a Tombe,
Ieſus unto my ſoule grant Heaven-roome.
Phelice, I faint, farewell true loyall Wife,
Aſſiſt me with thy prayers, thy Husband dies:
I truſt to meete thee in a better life,
Where teares ſhall all be wip'd from weeping eyes.
Come bleſſed Spirits, come in Ieſus name,
Receive my ſoule, to him convey the ſame.
And with theſe words his quiet ſpirit departs,
While mournfull *Phelice* well nye dead with woe,
Her ſences all to ſorrowes uſe converts,
And too abundant doth her teares beſtow,
Beating her breſt, till breſt and heart be ſore:
Wringing her hands, till ſhe could ſtrive no more.
Then ſighing ſaid, Ah Death, my ſorrowes cauſe,
That haſt depriv'd me of my deareſt Lord:
Since loathſome ayre my vitall ſpirits drawes,
This favour for thy tyranny afford,
Doe me a good to recompence thy ill,
And ſtrike the ſtroke, that all my cares can kill.
Let me not live to ſee to morrowes light,
But make me thus, cold, bloodleſſe, pale, and wan,
As this dead Carkaſſe doth appeare in ſight,
This true deſcription of a mortall man,
Whoſe deeds of wonder, paſt and gone before,
Have left him now at Deaths darke priſon dore.
Kiſſing his face, with a farewell of teares,
She leaves the body for the Grave to claime,
And from that place as ſad a ſoule ſhe beares,
As ever Woman that the world can name,
Living but fifteene dayes after his death:
And then through extreme ſorrow yeelded breath.

FINIS.

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See what Burdenaus has collected about the rib of the monster said to have been slain at Coventry by Guy Earl of Warwick, in the third volume of his Epist. Itinerarie. Ep. XLIX p. 5.